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RENTING A FURNISHED APARTMENT

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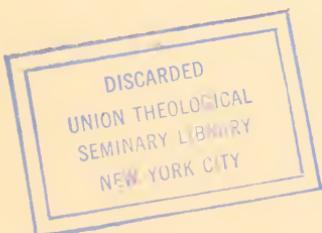


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An Apartment House.

RENTING A Furnished Apartment

A NARRATIVE

SETTING FORTH THE EXPERIENCES OF AN
OUT-OF-TOWN FAMILY IN THE METROPOLIS

BY

Gerrit
G. SMITH STANTON

(1845-)

Author of "Where the Sportsman Loves to Linger,"
"When the Wildwood Was in Flower," etc.

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Dedication

To those who possess one of the greatest blessings of this life, a sense of humor, this volume is dedicated.



P R E F A C E

PHYSICIANS tell us that it is absolutely necessary, in order to obtain and retain good health, to have a hearty laugh every day. If any page of this little volume has that desired effect on the reader, the object of its production will be accomplished.



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Renting a Furnished Apartment

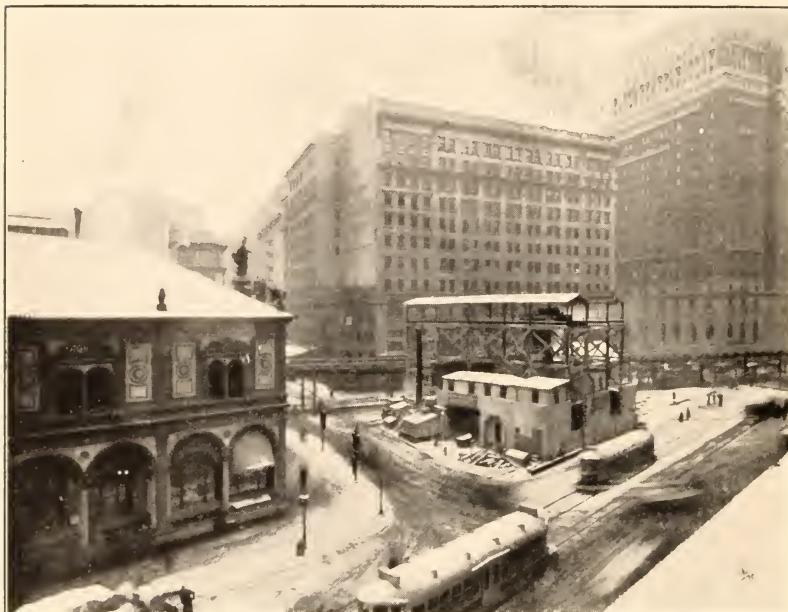
CHAPTER I

“THE CALL OF THE WILD”

DID you ever hear the saying: “Everybody likes a change?” Certainly you have. The only thing on earth that does not like a change is an animal. They would rather die than leave their happy home. The only difference between a human being and an animal so far as a change is concerned is that the animal knows when he is well off, whereas the human family have to make the change in order to ascertain what the animal already knows.

For several years a family—father, mother and daughter—resided in the suburbs of New York City. “When the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,” or in other words when the leaves began to fall, the mother and daughter often remarked how pleasant it must be to spend the winter in the city. The more they thought of it the more determined they became to make the move. Against the wishes of the father they decided to close their house for the winter months, discharge the help and rent a furnished apartment in the big town. The question how to proceed was forced upon them. A friend told them to put

an "ad" in a newspaper. After consultation the friend wrote out the "ad," which read as follows: "Wanted for the winter months, a furnished apartment with elevator, by a family of three adults, must be on the West Side in the neighborhood of the nineties. Require a kitchenette and restaurant in building. Address Change, Herald Office."



Herald Square.

The next morning and for several days thereafter "Change" seemed to be very popular in Herald Square. The answers were gone over, those selected that seemed to meet the requirements, and the mother and daughter started on the hunt. There are few people on earth who haven't been house hunting, so one can imagine what the ladies went through ere they found their abode for the winter.

Several trunks and numerous grips were packed, the water turned off, the maids turned adrift and a big New Foundland dog, with an anxious expression, shipped to the nearest dog kennel.

The father, who was a "commuter," was informed that he was gulping his last breakfast for the present in the old home and was given a number and street on a card where he would find his better half and daughter as the sun was sinking among the Jersey hills.

After doing some shopping and taking luncheon the mother and daughter sought their future home and were carried to the seventh floor by the elevator, manipulated by an ebony attendant. As the ladies sailed through the various rooms of the apartment, they discussed the changes that one tenant invariably makes over his predecessor. As they looked out of the different windows the daughter remarked, "Why, mother, we don't look on to a street. What we thought was a street is a court." The mother inquired, "What is this on the other side?" "That is a court also." "Well, don't say anything to your father, he will never know the difference." The daughter almost burst into tears at the thought of entertaining her male and female friends, especially the former, in a rear apartment. But the apartment was in a first-class neighborhood, elegantly furnished and the courts white, wide and airy, one opening into Riverside Drive, and as the lease had been signed, the ladies soon became reconciled to their surroundings. They had looked at so many apartments they hardly knew what they had rented.

The trunks and grips began to arrive, and as the clock in Saint Michael's was striking the hour of six, in walked the party whom we all "S. O. S." when in financial distress. Fortunately for the ladies, as the head of the house

strolled up Broadway with a friend, he had dropped into a cafe, was in a happy frame of mind and somewhat oblivious to surroundings, so everything looked good to him, the courts included. A maid who slept out and did the chamber work for the party who sublet the apartment to the Change family, consented to remain as manipulator of the bed linen and head duster of the furnishings.

How unfortunate it was that the Change family chose Saturday for embarking in the furnished apartment line, for of all the nights in the big city Saturday is the noisiest. Everybody knows they can sleep Sunday, so the time of going to bed Saturday night, or Sunday morning rather, is a secondary consideration.

The country home of the Change family was on Long Island. The house stood in the center of a beautiful seven-acre place, laid off in lawns and drive-ways. Large trees surrounded the house, which was well back from the highway. Everything was peaceful and quiet. The chirping birds built their nests in the trees, shrubbery and wistaria. The hum of the little insects in the grass, including the "six weeks to frost" katy-did and katy-didn't, lulled one to restful slumber throughout the stilly night. Heretofore the Change family, the ladies shopping and going to places of amusement and the "Governor" at his desk, spent nearly every day 'midst the roar and rattle of the big city but when twilight was approaching they hastened to their quiet Long Island home.

On account of the necessity of having their trunks ready for the first express, so they would surely arrive at the city apartment the same day, the Change family had arisen earlier than usual, in fact the anxiety of the move had resulted in a sleepless night, so they decided to retire early. All through the day and before one retires at night

noises you do not particularly notice, but when one prepares for the night and presses his head into a pillow and gambles on the arrival of Morpheus, the eardrum is found an important factor. Unfortunately for the Change family, notwithstanding it was December, the weather was mild and balmy, consequently many windows in the courts, that were usually closed at that time of the year, were wide open. The elevator in the building, with a night and day service, was close to the Change apartment, and as there were forty apartments in the twelve-story structure, the elevator had little rest during the twenty-four hours, and the colored trio who ran it slammed the doors at 2 A. M. with the same abandon as they did at 2 P. M.

Across the court from the sleeping quarters of the Change family was a young lady, whom evidently some one had told that, by diligent practice in cultivating her voice, Melba, Tetrazini and other operatic stars would appear like novices. As 11 P. M. arrived and the last high notes of the coming star ascended over the top of the apartment and adjoining buildings the Change family made preparations to retire. The walls of the apartment house were so thin you could hear through them. This is not news to the average New York dweller. The bedrooms occupied by the mother and daughter were on one side of the wall between an adjoining apartment, and it seems a piano was on the other. As the mother and daughter were about to "drop off" some future Paderewski commenced to get in his work; not only was he a Paderewski but a Caruso as well. Can you imagine a more deadly composite than that where sleep is concerned? Saint Michael's was striking the hour of midnight when Paderewski and Caruso rang down the curtain.

Being anxious to know how her lord was making it,

the mother slipped out of bed and tip-toed down the hall and stopped at the door of her husband's bedroom. The mother knew if he was asleep she would hear him snoring. Not hearing the customary snore she silently opened the



The Riverside Court.

door, stuck her head in and whispered, "Are you asleep?" "Heavens, no, come in and listen to this. Hear that walk overhead? Well, that pedestrian started just after I retired and you see he is still at it. The note he has to meet

tomorrow must be at least a million." The father who had decided to take a smoke, had a good laugh as the mother told of Paderewski and Caruso.

As the Governor enjoyed his cigar, voices and other noises resounded through the courts, but as the night wore on, they in a measure ceased. It was 2 A. M. before there came a sufficient lull for the Long Island delegation to start on another hunt for Morpheus. There are about two hours, say from 2 to 4 A. M., that one notices a let-up to the noise of the big town. Anyone who cannot exist on two hours of sleep out of the twenty-four better keep away from the Metropolis. When we say there is a let-up from 2 to 4 A. M., we don't mean that everybody is in bed and traffic ceases. Far from that. Little difference does it make what is the hour of the twenty-four, a crowd is always in evidence fully dressed ready for a fight or a frolic; whether it is a fire on the West Side, a shooting match on the East, a chase after a thief along Broadway, a ride on the subway to Brooklyn, on the "L" to Harlem, a ferry-boat to Hoboken or a train under the river to Long Island, you will not feel lonesome.

The first flicker of the coming day was entering the apartment ere the Change family lost consciousness. They had been asleep barely two hours when they were awakened by the efforts of a German band in the court that opened into Riverside Drive. We have heard of music bringing a snake out of his hole, being charmed thereby, and have heard it recommended to soothe the sick in the hospitals and stop a stampede from a theatre afire, but the kind of music produced by a German band would cause a snake to seek the further recesses of his abode, the hearse to roll into the hospital grounds, and a theatre to be stampeded *minus* the fire. By the time the German band and several

bands of boys, who were meadowlarking for pennies, had left the court, the daily rattle of milk bottles, cans and the buzzer in the dumb-waiter began and there was no more sleep in that apartment.

When a person has been awake nearly all night his head and stomach call for a bracer of some kind. The



German Band.

family were in no condition to dress and go to the restaurant, so they telephoned for their breakfast to be sent to the apartment. The daughter nearly fainted and the father made a few pointed remarks when they replied from the restaurant that it was against the rules to furnish meals in the apartments. As the family were considering what

to do the bell rang and the "sleep-out" girl was standing at the door. How glad the Change family were to see her, not on account of the chamber work, but they thought through her they could figure out how to get something to eat. Fortunate it was for the Change family that the colored maid was one of those human beings on this earth without which what would we do! She was one of those who studies how to solve difficulties, not create them. When asked to solve a problem doesn't say, "It cannot be done," but "let us see." The maid knew there was a kitchenette in all the apartments. She was aware that finding stores open on Sunday was a difficult task, but around the corner on Broadway was a restaurant that never closed, where there was a darkey waiter who was trying to win her heart, and she knew he would shoulder the contents of the whole restaurant and pack it to Van Cortlandt Park if she said the word. She asked Mrs. Change if they could get along on coffee, eggs and rolls. "Certainly we can, and very glad to get it."

The maid lit the gas in the kitchenette, filled the tea kettle half full of water and started out of the door with the remark: "Breakfast will be ready in 30 minutes." Inside of 15 minutes she returned with some ground coffee, milk, eggs, rolls and butter. She had noticed on the little shelf in the kitchenette the former occupant had left a good supply of sugar, salt and pepper. True to her word, before the 30 minutes expired the Change family, in their morning gowns, were sipping their coffee and eating their eggs and rolls in their own little apartment. Mrs. Change lost no time making an arrangement with the "sleep out" girl to come at eight every morning to get their breakfast, and raised her wages \$5.00 per month. She told her she need not bother with the chamber work that morning as

they likely would all go back to bed, and as "Sleep-out" left for home the old man slipped a dollar bill into her hands, telling her to give his best regards to her friend around the corner. Mr. Change then and there resolved that the restaurant in that building wouldn't see any of his wealth.

As the effect of the stimulating coffee passed away, the Change family were in a complete state of collapse and the thought of spending the coming night in that apartment so affected the daughter that she couldn't stand the strain another minute, so she put on her hat and wraps, sneaked out of the apartment, went to the garage where they had installed their car, and called up a girl friend, telling her she was coming around for her for a whirl into the country, ordered the chauffeur to get busy, and away she went for her friend and up Riverside Drive. The chauffeur inquired where he was to go. She replied, "Get into Broadway at the first turn and go North and press the accelerator." Soon Yonkers was left behind and then Tarrytown and so on to Poughkeepsie. In front of the Nelson House they stopped. Both girls were graduates of Vassar, so they felt at home at the halfway stop to the Capitol. On the way up Miss Change told her friend what a horrible night they all had, that she must have a good night's rest or she would go crazy. Miss Change ordered supper for the chauffeur and told him to return to the city. Not wishing to have any argument, instead of telephoning she telegraphed her mother where she was, how she got there, who was with her and that she had selected a room for a good night's rest and would be down by train some time tomorrow.

Notwithstanding it was Sunday, the din of various pianos and pianolas bounced from one side of the courts to the other, and in the enclosed court kitchen utensils were dancing the tango without any "hesitation." The

noises kept the head of the Change household from having his usual Sunday siesta, which he needed more on that day than ever before, so he dressed, telling his headachy better



An Apartment House.

half that he was going for a stroll. He went over to his club, selected a room on the quiet side of the house, sent a messenger boy "No answer" around to the apartment,

informing his wife that he was suddenly called out of town; in fact had already left and would not be at home until after office hours tomorrow. With her daughter in Poughkeepsie for the night and her husband, she knew not where, the prospect of sleeping alone, or trying to, in that apartment for the night so upset the mother's nerves that she was afraid she would jump out of the window, so she telephoned to an older sister in the Oranges that she would be out for the night. She left word with one of the elevator boys to tell "Sleep-out" that they would not be home Monday and for her to call at the usual time Tuesday. All of the Change family had a good night's rest and Monday eve found them back in the apartment braced for Part Two in the little skit of renting a furnished apartment.

CHAPTER II

GETTING INITIATED

THE sister in the Oranges was born in New York City, having lived there nearly all her life, but on account of her husband's health had moved in to the country. From her sister Mrs. Change learned a whole lot of things. The sister told her that "with your nice place on Long Island you should spend what we call the 'week-end' there. Go out there Saturday and stay until Monday. By so doing you get away from the worst two nights in town, and then you all will find that the country air will help you along the balance of the week." When the mother disclosed the "week-end" scheme to her hubby and daughter they both felt like the convict who is in the death house in Sing Sing and had just learned that the Court of Appeals had granted him a new trial. The daughter fairly jumped with delight. "We will get Rex back from the kennel for the two days, take 'Sleep-out' along and won't we have a glorious time." When the Change family realized that Saturday was only a few days away before they would again "rock me to sleep mother" in their quiet country home, they all felt so elated that the roar of the court disturbed their repose no longer, in fact they rather enjoyed it, knowing how delightful was the coming contrast. The only noise in the courts that seemed familiar was the occasional barking of a dog in the daytime and the howling of some prowling cat at night,

noises that the Change family were glad to hear, as it reminded them of the happy home out on the Island. Everybody was up Tuesday morning when "Sleep-out" arrived.



"Sleep-out."

The family had been under such a mental strain since Saturday that they had forgotten all about the daily papers, so the head of the house called up the elevator boy to send out and make arrangements to have the daily papers at the

door of the apartment. Mr. Change had made a study of the question how to keep peace in the family, consequently he took three morning and the like number of evenings papers so each member of the family would be relieved of any anxiety as regards "first aid to the injured."

As "Sleep-out" walked in, two letters that had been shoved under the door were handed to Mr. Change. One was from the Consolidated Gas Company enclosing blanks requesting Mr. Change to sign his name in several places and to return a check for five dollars as a deposit or the gas would be turned off. The other letter was from the Edison Electric Light people requesting Mr. Change to put his "John Hancock" on a slip enclosed and remit \$15 by return mail, as a deposit, or the flow of electricity would cease to meander through the apartment. As the second demand raised the anti \$10 a chill ran up and down Mr. Change's vertebrae every time he glanced at the little crack beneath the door, he expecting the next deposit would be \$25. The Edison notice gave Mr. Change some consolation, as they agreed to pay six per cent interest on the deposit. As the bank on which the Edison check was drawn paid no interest, Mr. Change's only regret was that the deposit couldn't have been larger.

After looking over the morning papers Mr. Change left the apartment for his office. Shortly afterwards the ladies telephoned for the car. "Sleep-out" finished her work and left for home.

Mrs. Change often called at her hubby's office at closing time and they went for dinner at one of the various restaurants along Broadway, the daughter generally dining with some friends. Mrs. Change's calls at her husband's office at closing time had some other object in view than dinner. She knew that through the arteries of her loved

one some sporting blood still flowed and she was a little suspicious of the young and decorated stenographers circulating through the various offices of "Change & Co." The Change family, sometimes in twos, and occasionally in the triple alliance, attended some theatre in the evening. With the exception of the noise of the dumb-waiter buzzer, by the milk man, the janitor for garbage, the ice-man, the grocer, the laundry man, the baker and men entering the apartment to study the hieroglyphics of the various meters, to kill cockroaches and croton water bugs, and the rounds of the superintendent to see if everything was working all right, the little tingle of the door bell, as mail and bills were shoved under the door, the occasional ringing of the telephone, the pounding of the steampipes and the roar of the courts, the apartment was as quiet as the grave.

Nothing out of the ordinary of life in the average New York apartment occurred during the first week of the Change family's occupancy. The mocking bird across the court hadn't yet satisfied herself that Melba was down and out, Paderewski and Caruso, like the old guard at Waterloo, decided they would rather die than surrender, and the man higher up couldn't have yet liquidated the note.

When Saturday morning came, the grips were packed for the week end. The caretaker at the Long Island home, who slept in the garage, was notified to have the water turned on, the furnace started and get everything in readiness for the return of the pilgrims. On the arrival of the ladies the caretaker informed them that he had just heard that Rex had died the night before with distemper, brought on, no doubt, by the confinement and association in the kennel. The dog's death nearly broke the family up, as Rex's affection for his master was on a par with all dogs,

and his reputation for watchfulness had gone far and wide. Evildoers were not welcome, as many a seat of trousers scattered over the lawn could testify.

The Saturday the Change family returned to their home was clear and balmy. They sent the caretaker to the various stores to supply the larder. The train "Sleep-



Rex.

out" was to come on came and left, others followed but no "Sleep-out." Everybody was getting hungry, so there was nothing to do but for the mother and daughter to put on aprons and tackle the grub and range question. The sun went down, the moon came up and the stars shone forth and still no "Sleep-out." The morning came and still no

tidings of the one anxiously looked for. It was a sorry week-end for the Change family. How they did miss Rex, and the faithful servants they let go when the furnished apartment scheme appeared on the horizon. They never appreciated their home as they did that day, but the death of Rex cast a gloom over it all. They all retired early for an expected good night's rest, but, strange as it may seem, it was with difficulty they could get to sleep. They had gotten used to the noises of the apartment and the deadly silence of the Long Island home had a contrary effect to what they had expected, but Sunday night they all slept well again. The ladies were still performing the duties of cook and chambermaid as the week-end expired.

On the arrival of the ladies at the apartment what a sight greeted them. Everything had been ransacked. Costly gowns and what jewelry had been left behind were gone. The place looked as if there had been a cyclone through it. Empty bottles, cigarettes and cigar stumps, remnants of provender, broken crockery littered the floor. One of the elevator boys informed Mrs. Change that Saturday night "Sleep-out" had given a little "jamboree" to some friends. The Change family got some satisfaction out of it, for "Sleep-out" and her guests had paid Paderewski and Caruso, the man higher up and the rest back in their own coin. The ladies were not surprised, as the accustomed time for "Sleep-out" to return passed and she failed to materialize, in fact the Change family never saw nor heard of her again, and not knowing her name or address, she couldn't be located. The party of whom Mr. Change rented the apartment was in Europe. Under the lease Mr. Change was responsible for all loss and damage. As time wore on the Change family would discover new articles that had left when "Sleep-out" vanished from the

scene. The Change family made their peace with the proprietor of the restaurant and gave up attempting to engage any more sleep outs or ins. They decided to take at least their breakfast in the house restaurant and hire a woman to come in for a few hours daily, while some of the family were there, and set things to rights.

On a bright afternoon while at luncheon in the restaur-



Our Protectors.

rant of the Change apartment, five of the battleships of the Atlantic fleet, accompanied by several destroyers, were seen coming up the bay from the anchorage off Tompkinsville. Some ceremonies were taking place at Grant's Tomb and the battleships were firing a salute as they circled by. It certainly was an inspiring sight to see those dogs of war steaming magnificently along, the crew in action, firing

the big guns. How helpless would have been this great city if those guns had been loaded with solid shot. It demonstrated the necessity of preparedness. If they had been ships of an enemy, this rich city would have been at their mercy. With our thousands of miles of coast line, our naval defense should be the equal if not the superior to any nation on earth.

So far as an army is concerned, if any nation needed one, it is the United States. We need a large army not only to defend us from foreign invasion but to protect us from domestic uprising. We have as much to fear from within as from without. The July riots of 1863, in this city, showed our utter helplessness when the mob arose. There are today in this country tenfold worse elements than in 1863. Among other issues to settle is the one between capital and labor, also whether "the man in the street" has any rights that the great combinations intend to recognize. The foreign element brings to this country from the Fatherland the animosities toward one another, and a conflict between them is always in embryo. The attack on the Orange parade in the days of Col. Fiske confirms that contention. The antagonism in this country between the different nationalities of foreign birth, caused by the present war of nations, any day may call for the strong arm of an adequate army of regulars.

The restaurant was on the top floor and so constructed that in the good old summer time it could be converted into a roof garden. The apartment house towered above the surrounding buildings. It was on a high elevation and as the ground sloped from the building in all directions the view from the restaurant was grand and extensive. To the West was the Hudson, the Palisades and the Jersey Hills, to the North was Grant's Tomb, Washington Heights,

Columbia University, Rockland County and the Tappan Zee, to the East one could look far out on to Long Island and the Sound, to the South the down-town skyscrapers, the harbor of New York with its never ceasing maritime traffic, the Narrows with its forts, and Coney Island and



Across the Hudson to Jersey.

Sandy Hook were before you. The viands were well cooked and the service par excellence, but oh! what an expense. The required tip to the waiter would alone have bought Mr. Change a sufficient meal, but an American must be a spender or disgrace the flag. What a nation of spend-

thrifts we are, both Governmental and individual. The Government at Washington makes appropriations as if the United States was a gold mine from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Cities all over the land, through taxation, are running close to confiscation. The Civil War created the millionaire, and the example he sets as regards display the "poor millionaire" tries to ape, with the result that in case the ape cannot produce money enough from his daily occupation to meet all this extravagance he complains about his business and looks to legislative halls for relief. There are few business men that are not making money enough, if economically expended, to provide themselves and their families with the necessities of life, but because he hasn't force of character to resist temptation and cannot follow in the footsteps of the men who have grown rich through Government favor and protection, and by looting corporations over which they had temporary control, he howls over the condition of things generally and his own sad lot in particular.

The greatest peril of our country today is the influx to the great cities of the youth of the land, converting into consumers who should be producers. A few years ago the writer was passing over a highway leading from Sebec Lake, Maine, to Brownville. About every other farm was abandoned. All the buildings seemed to be in good condition and the high grass and weeds growing in the fields proved that the soil was productive. Inquiring of the chauffeur, who seemed to be an intelligent fellow, in fact a university graduate, what caused the abandonment of the farms, he said: "There are two reasons. First, the State neglects to pass the reasonable laws requested by the producers, and secondly, the preference of the young people for life in town to that in the country. These farms you

see here were once under a high state of cultivation. Occasionally one of the young people would break the bounds of what they termed an unremunerative solitary life of drudgery and go to Milo. Milo is a manufacturing town about twelve miles away. Sundays and holidays those young people, who had remained on the farms, would see their former associates passing along the highways in automobiles, and who had spent their last cent to deck out in clothes of the latest fashion. The Milo delegation would stop and tell the country lassies of the gay times they had tangoing down in Milo and going to the movies with their sweethearts. Consequently life was a seeming burden to those who had remained on the farms, and they, too, finally quit milking cows, abandoned the farms and entered the spool and woollen mills at Milo. The young people gone, the old people were unable to carry on the farms and they, too, went to Milo, and instead of being producers, so far as 'our daily bread' is concerned, they all became consumers." The story of the highway from Sebec Lake to Brownville has its counterpart along the highways of many States of this Union.

Politicians may continue to pass laws, and wise gentlemen in swallow tail coats and extensive shirt fronts, express their views concerning the solution of the problem of the high cost of living, but the millenium will not dawn while producers of the "staff of life" are being converted into consumers, and the author knows of no more important legislation than to help, aid and assist those who are willing to cultivate the acquaintance of the broad acres of Uncle Sam's domain instead of the narrow streets of his towns. Mr. Change was once a producer of live stock on the plains, and if the United States Government had protected the stock raiser instead of leaving him at the mercy

of the railroads and the great beef combination, thousands of stock men would have remained in the industry.

On account of the situation of the Change apartment the sun never shone directly therein, only by reflection. When the sun was at a certain angle it would strike the opposite side of the northerly court and carom into the



The Long Island Home.

Change apartment. The family would often sit around the reflection and reflect. What a welcome guest was little Miss Reflection. She never came on cloudy days. On sunny days how anxiously the Change family looked for her arrival. She would first appear in the parlor, slowly and quietly move into the dining room and then

along the floor of one of the bedrooms, creep up its wall and disappear until some other sunny day.

Mr. Change fell asleep late one Sunday afternoon while sitting alongside of the reflection. The reflection was the last thing he saw, consequently a dream he had was along reflected lines. He dreamt of the home on Long Island and the house through which the rays of the sun never ceased from its rising to its setting. He could see himself in a negligee shirt, a somewhat worn, loosely-fitting suit of clothes and a broad and easy pair of shoes, walking with the departed dog as a companion over the velvety lawns of the Change estate. The sweet fragrance of the flower beds was in the air. In the trees the chattering birds were feeding their young. Delicious fruit hung from many vines. Mr. Change's stomach having passed the meat period of life, how anxiously he watched the vegetable garden. He could see the chauffeur standing in the door of the garage ready to take him for a spin over the shady, smooth highways of Long Island, with its extensive views of the Sound and ocean. The saddle horses of his wife and daughter racing over the pasture were whinnying their recognition. Well-trained servants were in the house. He dreamt of the golf grounds only a stone's throw away, where with pleasant companions he sought exercise and health in the open. The exhausted cells in Mr. Change's gray matter having been temporarily supplied, he awoke. The reflection was gone, carrying with it the realization of only a dream. Twilight was casting its shadows through the courts. Mr. Change arose, sought his boudoir and prepared himself for the nerve-racking life we are taught to believe is civilization.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOLIDAYS

THE time of the year was approaching "when the days commence to lengthen, the cold commences to strengthen." At that time of the year the head of the house has something else to fear than the strengthening cold. Christmas, for instance. If one really wants to appreciate the beauties of this life he wants to be at the head of a household. He is the one they all look to when the purse needs replenishing. It makes little difference whether he has it or not, he must produce. They are not aware that with the average business man of to-day it is not a question of making more money, but to keep from losing what he already has. Those who haven't had the experience infer that as the head of the house is in business, opens and shuts a roll-top desk, he must necessarily be coining money, therefore when demands are made on him for the necessary coin, it is mere selfishness on his part not to "come across." About all the perplexing problems of the family affairs are discussed with him for a solution, and he must solve them to the satisfaction of everybody. All of the rest of the household can get excited, persistent and lose their tempers, but the head of the house is expected to keep cool, yielding and pleasant. If one hasn't those qualifications or neglects to acquire them, he should not embark in the head of the household business.



Mr. Change, Head of the Household.

As Christmas time approached, cold chills, caused not altogether from the weather, ran up and down the vertebrae of the head of the household, yet if he is one of those fortunate individuals who has, what has helped many a poor soul over the rough places of this existence, a sense of humor, he gets some satisfaction out of it. Before Christmas time, after leaving the elevator, the boys left you to open the front door of the apartment house as you made your exit to the street, but as Christmas time approached, no more opening the front door by tenants. The pace at which the boys would cover the distance between the elevator and the front door, you would think they were trying to stretch a three-base hit into a home run. The superintendent seemed quite anxious, as he made his rounds, to see if everything was moving along to your liking. Even the fellow who hollered "garbage" up the dumb-waiter had annexed the word "please." The laundry man offered to deliver the wash at the apartment door if it was more convenient to you than via the dumb-waiter. The ice-man would sing to you, "How would you like to be the ice-man?" as the cake travelled towards the refrigerator. The men who called to "take" the various meters, who heretofore met you with a cold stare when you asked for a little information to ascertain how much you were being overcharged, were delighted to explain the mechanism of the dials. Even the letter carrier, whom Uncle Sam should pay a sufficient salary so he, too, would not be in the beggar line, struck Mr. Change to buy tickets for "our annual ball." Mr. Change's sense of humor vanished with the letter carrier.

Among other appeals to which Mr. Change gladly contributed was from the Salvation Army. When that organization made its first appearance in the American religious

arena, what ridicule and criticisms it had to endure. Hooted at and pelted with missiles by the youths of the street. Laughed at by adults, ostracised by other religious organizations. Through it all the Salvation Army continued to work out their idea of what was meant by the word Christianity. As time wore on, those who had looked



Scene in Bronx Park.

at the Salvation Army as an object of ridicule began to realize that they followed the teachings of the Saviour nearer than any other religious organization. While the churches of the rich were sending missionaries to China, raising funds to erect more imposing edifices and making contributions to institutions to educate young men for the ministry, the Salvation Army was devoting its strength

and funds to feed, clothe and house the poor unfortunates of cities in which they had a branch. If some poor, cold, hungry soul in New York City sought food and shelter would he seek the religious organizations along Fifth Avenue or would he rather turn to the less pretentious headquarters of the Volunteers of America, who, he knew, no matter what his religion, age, condition, sex or color, would welcome him? In the great city of London it is the Salvation Army whose members seek out the fallen women and try to lead them back to a purer life. The Salvation Army embodies the word Christianity as no other religious organization does on the face of the globe.

It was the day after Christmas that a little fair-haired girl stood at a window overlooking the court, weeping as if her heart would break. To her mother, who was standing beside her, the little one, with her chubby fingers was pointing down to the court. Passing along on the top of a pile of rubbish was the Christmas tree of the day before. Can one imagine the feelings of that child as she saw one of the dearest treasures of her life so humiliated? How like many of this world was that Christmas tree! Like the newborn, with what ecstacies it was first welcomed, crowned with laurels, yet finally to lose its embellishments and become a derelict on the sea of life.

The Change family spent part of the holidays at their Long Island home. They took along the woman who came in daily, and as she was a good cook and as there was not any snow, the family enjoyed the delightful trips in their automobile over the smooth, macadamized driveways of Nassau and Suffolk Counties. The turn of the year brought the dreaded cold waves.

As the water had been turned on at the Long Island home, the caretaker was told to keep a good fire in the

furnace and not let it go out, as the pipes might freeze. The father took the morning express for the city, the mother and daughter and "Call Daily" by auto for the apartment. Up to that time the bone over which the average



One of Central Park's Winding Highways.

New York tenant and janitor usually quarrel—the heat question—had not been in evidence, as the weather had been more like spring than winter.

The family had attended the theatre the evening of

their arrival from their Long Island home and had taken an after-theatre dinner. It was after midnight when they returned to the apartment. It was as cold as a barn. The radiators were turned on and the Change family were congratulating themselves that shortly they would be toasting their feet. After waiting half an hour for the still cold radiators to respond, they called up the superintendent's office and inquired what was the matter with the heat. They all nearly had a fit when the superintendent informed them that "the heat is always turned off at 11 P. M. and is not turned on again until 5 A. M." "We are nearly frozen, what are we going to do?" "Light the gas logs." The gas logs were lit and Mr. Change saw himself paying the gas company for heat that should be furnished by the apartment house. How they did miss the open grates of their Long Island home. The gas logs proved a poor substitute for the radiator, where heat was concerned, but if it had been a question of flavor the radiators were a poor second. The odor from the escaping gas so permeated the apartment that there was nothing else to do but turn it off and go to bed, or be asphyxiated and frozen at the same time. The Change family were so mad and cold that little sleep they had, and how anxiously they watched the slowly moving clock as it made its rounds to 5 A. M., and how delighted they were as they heard the radiators, like the early birds on their Long Island estate, singing the song of the awakening.

Physicians tell us that many gamblers die from a disease known as "suppressed emotion." What a relief it is that there is a disease without the termination "itis." Certainly the patient afflicted with "suppressed emotion" has something to be thankful for. A professional gambler, if playing against a novice, can tell from the expression

on the layman's face as he lifts his cards, the nature of the hand. Not so with the stoic gambler. One cannot tell from his physiognomy whether it is a pair of deuces or four aces. Giving vent to your feelings is absolutely necessary for a healthy mind and body. Nothing better than laughing and crying. Swearing sometimes helps. If



Unloading the Night Shift.

it were not for New Year's Eve the Great White Way would be a graveyard. It is on that night that the lid is raised from the long pent-up, suppressed emotion of New York, yet there are those who would deny the New Yorker in his own sweet way of seeing the passing of the old and the entrance of the new. Those people whose aim in life seems to be to regulate their fellow-man, cause nine-tenths of the

trouble of the household. New Yorkers and their country cousins were making reservations for the annual suppressed emotion blow-out when one of these regulating individuals called forth the following reply from the Mayor:

"MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of December 1st has been received. It is certainly not my intention to take any action with reference to all night licenses on New Year's Eve, which would encourage excessive drinking and revelry. We must recognize, however, the fact that it is the custom of this town, of many years' standing, for an unusually large number of people to go to restaurants on New Year's Eve. In recognition of this it seems to me wise to grant, as the law empowers me, to restaurants of good reputation, a special license which will enable more people than usual to take a late supper on this one night of the year.

Most of those who go to restaurants go merely to celebrate with their friends the coming of the new year, without the disorder to which you object. Permission to restaurants to remain open will not be granted except upon the basis of their good reputation as established by experience. It does not seem to me to be necessary, nor do respectable citizens desire that people should remain in restaurants past the time that will enable them to meet their friends and celebrate the coming of the new year in an orderly way.

I shall, therefore, refuse to give to any restaurant a license to stay open all night. I intend, however, to extend to restaurants of good reputation for this night only, the privilege of remaining open until 3 o'clock, which is one hour beyond the closing time for restaurants which regularly have these licenses. I have instructed the Police Commissioner to see to it that decency and order are everywhere maintained. Restaurants that permit drunkenness or disorder will be refused similar provisions in the future.

Sincerely yours,"

Mr. Change, who had been suppressing emotion during all the busy days of the year made reservation for his family and a few guests at one of the resorts along New York's great thoroughfare—Broadway.

It is a naval superstition that if the new boat sticks on the ways, while being launched, it is a bad omen, therefore from time immemorial a bottle of wine is smashed over it, evidently to stimulate action, and the smasher is generally a pretty girl who also has the effect of stimulating action. New Yorkers always worked on the theory that it is a bad omen for the New Year to stick on the ways, so wine and women, similar to the new boat, have invariably been invoked. Exception has been taken to the manner the present-day New Yorker has of issuing in the New Year, not to the wine and women prescription, but to the frequent dose of the former and the display of the latter.

The objectors evidently are not aware of the example set by their fathers of welcoming the New Year. They did not assemble after all "good people" had retired, and between four walls suppress their emotions and ring down the curtain at 3 A. M. On the contrary, it was a continuous performance, as long as they were able to navigate, to make as many calls on the fair sex as possible. From midday to twilight, from house to house they went, "building rail fences" along the public thoroughfare. Yet they tell us we should follow in the footsteps of our fathers. A difficult task it would have been on New Year's Day.

New Year's Eve saw the Great White Way in its glory. One hour before its arrival, limousines were unloading the thoroughbreds of the big town in front of its various resorts. Young and old bloods in evening dress, and the fair sex in the dress of Eve were gathering around the festive board. The menu was being scanned and the

wine list consulted, as ragtime percolated through the atmosphere of the banquet hall. Long lines of waiters were coming through the swinging doors from the culinary department, bearing trays loaded down with the latest creations of the chef and corkscrews galore. While pleasure was at its height and the second hand was nearing the



Greeting the New Year.

midnight hour, the lights were dimmed, registering the approaching death of the old year. The eclipse was of short duration. As the light flashed again announcing the arrival of the New Year, the beauty and chivalry of the great metropolis were on their feet to welcome it.

For an hour previous to the launching of the New Year every precaution had been taken that it would not

stick on the ways. The crew itself, fearing that they, too, might stick on the ways, had smashed the neck of many a bottle. The christening of the New Year was not left to the individual. As the good ship 1916 started down the ways to its sea of trouble, both within its many caravansaries and along its public highways, the lid of suppressed emotion was lifted from the greatest city of the world.

During one of the campaigns of Mr. Bryan for the Presidency, Lee Fairchild opened an address: "Four years have rolled around and so have Mr. Bryan and the Democratic Party."

At Presidential elections is another time the New Yorker lifts the lid of suppressed emotion. It was, is, and likely always will be, a betting proposition whether the State outside of New York City shall wag the city or vice versa. Before the Consolidation Act, the Harlem River was the dividing line. There the Democratic majority of the city met the Republican majority from up the State. "Down to the bridge"—meaning the Harlem River—was where the forces met to compare notes. After consolidation, the mighty Bronx—the Northern line of the great city—is where the accountants meet and strike a trial balance. It required a lot of patience to be a candidate in the early days. By couriers afoot and on horse back, by stage coach and by water, the election returns were carried to the four corners of the Union, and it was in some cases weeks after the polls closed ere the American people knew who was to be the next occupant of the White House. But today, before the midnight hour of Election Day, the great crowds who gather and make night hideous in front of the offices of the metropolitan dailies know who is to be their ruler.

CHAPTER IV.

STORMS WITHOUT AND WITHIN

ON one of the coldest nights in winter the Change family were awakened about 1 A. M. by a continuous ringing of the telephone. Mr. Change in his bare feet and half asleep, put the receiver to his ear. "I am the superintendent, the thermometer is slowly falling and to avoid a freeze up of the pipes, I wish you would let the cold water run in the kitchen sink, just a small stream." Mr. Change replied that it was a very good idea and asked about the bath tub. "There is no use doing anything there unless it gets colder. Good night Mr. Change." Mr. Change, half frozen, crawled under the covers after answering divers and sundry questions fired at him in rapid succession by the female contingent. Mr. Change lay awake about an hour rubbing one foot against the other, but finally fell asleep. About 3 A. M. the family were awakened again by another vigorous call of the telephone. Mr. Change took the precaution of putting on his slippers and again lifted the receiver. "Is this Mr. Change?" "It is." "I am the superintendent. The bulb in the thermometer is still falling and I wish you would let the cold water also run in the lavatory and bath tub and it would be well to pull the W. C. rod occasionally. How are your family making it?" "They are all awake, thank you." "I am sorry to disturb you, but it is better than the inconvenience it would put

you to if the pipes burst." "You certainly are a careful man and if I ever build an apartment house and need a superintendent you can consider yourself engaged. Call me up again if you want anything further, I like to have people wake me up, especially in the middle of the night. Don't you think if you turned on the heat it might help some? I was going to say good night but I guess I will



Riverside Drive, Soldiers' Monument.

say good morning." Mr. Change had controlled his temper thus far, but if there had been another ring the other side of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" would have been heard from. Fortunately for all concerned, daylight dawned with no more telephone calls and water flowing through the Change faucets.

About eight o'clock there was a knock at the door

and in walked the superintendent. He had one of those round, pleasant faces with a smile constantly flickering across it, back of which you knew was a pleasant disposition. He could take hasty, unpleasant remarks on the part of impatient tenants as if he enjoyed them. He was one of that brand of good fellows to whom you feel it a pleasure to loan a hundred or two, even if you knew at the time you might never see it again. "I am very sorry, Mr. Change, to inconvenience you, especially the ladies, but the people in the apartment directly overhead neglected to do what you willingly did, therefore the pipes are frozen and I will have to shut the water off, yet I hope in the course of an hour to give you hot water at least." All day long and far into the night above the other noises was heard the pounding of the Knights of the Monkey Wrench and the Soldering Iron. The break was worse than expected, yet at midnight the hot water was on again, at 1 A. M. the cold, and the tenants of the Change apartment house were once more on the water wagon.

On the evening of the thirteenth of January, a blizzard from the West struck the city. It snowed and blowed all night and was still at it the next morning. Not being able to see the street from the Change apartment the intensity of the storm and the downfall of snow could not be correctly gauged, yet the condition of the courts gave one a very good idea. The daughter having some tickets for a matinee telephoned down to the operator of the switchboard, asking the condition of things outside. "It is perfectly awful. The streets are impassable, the street cars are not running, the elevated and subways are blocked and everything is at a standstill." The daughter telephoned over to the garage to the chauffeur and he set up another awful howl. After Mr. Change had his coffee and

rolls, had read the morning paper, he made ready to go to his office.

The average New Yorker's idea of a blizzard always did amuse Mr. Change. Mr. Change in his younger days ran a stock ranch on the plains long before the days of railroads and had been up against blizzards that the one that was in esse at that particular time was but a passing



Times Square, Change & Co.

caress. As Mr. Change left the elevator, the young lady at the switchboard implored him not to venture out in such a storm. He informed her as was his custom, he would very likely walk from the apartment to his office, which was at Times Square, and he did. Everything in this life is gauged by comparison. Compare Mr. Change in a fur-lined overcoat, cap and gloves to match, and arcties, walk-

ing along a snowy sidewalk of the big city with an occasional gust of snow circulating around his *habeas corpus* and being able to see ahead of him for blocks, the high buildings breaking the force of the wind, with restaurants and cafes on every block, and being caught out on the isolated prairies of the West in a howling storm and unable to see one hundred feet ahead of him, driving a pair of horses hitched to a wagonload of hogs and a fifteen-mile trip before him, or on the plains in the saddle trying to head a herd of cattle stampeded by a blizzard. That had been the experience of the man that the timid girl at the switchboard was trying to scare to death with a gentle zephyr.

New Yorkers who knew the town back in the sixties laugh at conditions of those days. Business men were satisfied to board a horse-car at City Hall with a little bell on one of the beasts and jingle an hour away while they were on the daily route to Yorkville, Harlem and repeat. "The pace that kills" was in embryo at that time. The Wall Street banker seemed content to climb into a Fifth Avenue stage drawn by horses and at a dog trot, stopping at every block, to spend an hour crawling down the Avenue and Broadway to his office. There were other conditions of those early days that amuse the present day New Yorker and they smile as they ask each other "How did they stand it?"

The next generation will no doubt laugh at the way the big town cleaned house after a big fall of the beautiful. They will have their doubts, as history informs them, that the great city of five million people depended on a lot of broken down specimens of humanity, called the unemployed, to turn the trick, and if this worthless crowd, many of whom were bums and tramps, refused to shovel snow,

the city would remain blocked. History will recount that the great city was dependent on men to clean its streets who were half clothed, hungry and weak, resulting from an over-supply of booze and an under-supply of bread, and before this outfit could come to the city's rescue they had to be clothed and fed in order to nourish them back to life, so to speak. If the weather was not to their liking they would quit and the traffic would come to a slowdown, until this conglomeration of all nationalities would help again to lift the city of its burden.

Every Saturday was a welcome day to the Change family, as it brought the "week-end" around and temporary relief from the closely confined and noisy apartment. The snowstorm prevented them making the trip by auto, but they decided if they found the roads out on the Island in good condition they would use the car left in the garage at the Long Island home.

There was quite a hill on the Long Island estate and an artificial pond, and as the whole family was fond of outdoor sports, they looked forward with delight to the exhilarating exercise of skating and sliding down hill. As the Change family, the chauffeur and "In Daily" were whisked down to the place from the station the man who ran the taxi containing Mr. Change told him that his caretaker was in the Mineola jail for running over a man while on a nightly joy ride. As the family entered the house there was a skating rink in half of the rooms, the cellar was covered with water, the boiler in the kitchen had burst and also the pipes in one of the bath rooms, in fact all over the house. It seems that the jailing of the caretaker had taken away the fireman of the Change establishment and everything had frozen and the water was still oozing through the bursted pipes. The chauffeur took off his

shoes and stockings and waded through the water in the cellar and turned off the stop cock. Mr. Change telephoned to Mineola and was informed that his caretaker was in jail for thirty days and the machine in the Mineola garage. Mr. Change called up his plumber and decorator to come down at once and look the house over. There was nothing



Skating Scene in Central Park.

left for the Change family but to return to the city apartment. How they did dread the coming night. Visions of Paderewski and Caruso, the man higher up and the superintendent lower down, and the noises in the courts, they could already hear. They decided they couldn't stand the strain, so after a late dinner in the restaurant the ladies started for the Oranges and Mr. Change for his club.

As already stated, Mrs. Change's sister had spent nearly all her life in the city and she found the most satisfactory mode of living was in an apartment hotel. Outside rooms predominated and they were looked after by employees of the hotel. Your meals a la carte you could take in the hotel or not as you chose. Spacious parlors and



The Birds and Leaves Are Gone.

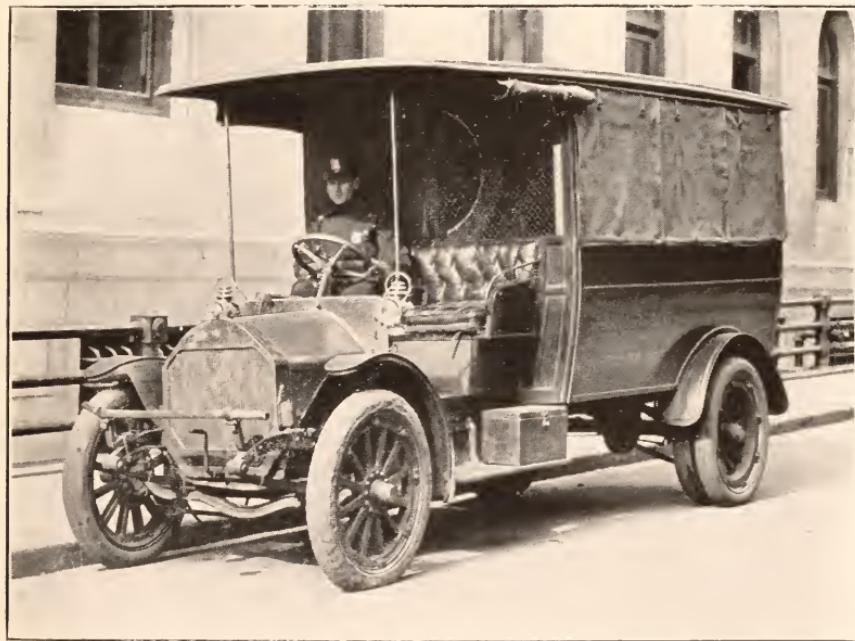
dancing halls were at your service, where the guests could get acquainted. The clash and smell of the culinary department was confined to the basement. As the sister described the difference between an apartment hotel and an apartment house, Mrs. Change realized what an unfortunate mistake they had made in renting a furnished

apartment. "In Daily" generally arrived about ten. Eleven o'clock came and no "In Daily." The forenoon and afternoon wore away, still no "In Daily." The sun crossed the Hudson, sank into Jersey, arose next morning, reached the meridian and still "In Daily" failed to put in an appearance.

After luncheon the ladies started out to find what was the matter. "Sleep-out" had taught them a lesson, so they had the name and address of "In Daily." As the car stopped in front of a flat house a policeman was standing on the steps and stopping everyone who attempted to enter the building. The ladies were informed that the house was quarantined on account of scarlet fever. As they were about to leave, a window on the third floor opened and "In Daily's" head appeared. "Mrs. Change, they won't let us out of here and they say it may be two weeks yet. There is a very nice girl, Maggie Murphy, at 68 Columbus Avenue, that you can hire to come in daily." "Thank you, we will go and interview Maggie." The car soon covered the distance to Maggie's home. The building must have furnished the inspiration of that popular song "Maggie Murphy's Home." Its presentation was so uninviting that the ladies turned the investigation over to the chauffeur. The chauffeur shortly returned and Maggie was with him. After a short interview, terms were agreed upon, Maggie engaged, given car fare, and was to report the next morning at ten. The next day was Thursday and Maggie arrived on time. She was informed about the "week-end" scheme and gladly consented to be cook and chambermaid during the week-end. Maggie seemed so "willing and obliging"—has any mistress of a household ever heard those two words before—that the Change family thought it would be a good idea to quit restaurants, sleep-outs and in dailies, and engage

Maggie to take up her abode in the apartment, to which Maggie readily consented, but before Maggie retired from the scene of action the Change family had experienced another phase of the servant question.

The author deems it unnecessary to inform the reader of Maggie Murphy's nationality, and when that fact is



Where Miss Murphy Had a Free Ride.

established, the reader can make a pretty good guess as regards her disposition. We have often heard the expression: "Would rather fight than eat." Maggie would have freed Ireland long ago if she could have had an army of Amazons like herself. The Change family had lived through so many unpleasant ordeals in connection with the servant question that they doubted there could be anything new for them to experience in that line, therefore,

they paid little attention to Maggie as she would storm through the apartment, slamming doors and expressing her views on things generally, and a few in particular, and ask questions that she was allowed to answer to her satisfaction. The question finally arose whether the Change family or Maggie should occupy the apartment. Mr. Change offered to draw lots with her. The family found themselves up against the word that it requires more diplomacy to lead to its pronunciation than any other in the universal language of the world, the word "discharged." Mrs. Change wanted to discharge Maggie, but how and when to do it was the problem to solve. The superintendent was called in for consultation. It seemed the superintendent had been called in in such cases many times before, in fact if he saw any trouble brewing he requested to be called in, so there wouldn't be a "scene" to disturb the other tenants. He had made a study how to proceed. The nearest closet to Maggie's room was cleaned of its contents. Mr. Change was to pronounce the verdict when Maggie was near the closet and if Maggie made any breaks the superintendent would shove her into the closet and lock her in and summon the patrol wagon. It seems the captain of the police precinct was a brother of the superintendent. As the word "discharged" rung through the apartment, Maggie made the looked-for jump, diving at the throat of Mr. Change, but before she knew what had happened she found herself locked in the closet. The patrol wagon arrived. Maggie was allowed to gather up her belongings and was paid what was coming to her, in fact she got what was coming to her before she was paid. Mr. Change and the superintendent were also passengers on the patrol wagon. Maggie was charged with assault but was allowed to go, Mr. Change declining to press the charge.

CHAPTER V.

SWEET WITH THE BITTER

THERE is an expression that "one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." If you want to see the other half rent an apartment in New York opening on a pair of courts and you will see both halves. There is another expression that "it takes all kinds of people to make up the world." That is another bill the city apartment fills.

If an author is scratching his head free of dandruff in a puzzle to inspire another production, if a gentleman of the cloth is on a still hunt for a text for the next sermon, if a dramatist who is occupying a hall bedroom and is conjuring his brain for a successful play to land him in the bridal chamber, if the short story writer must produce something acceptable or be dispossessed, if the curious want to take a peep behind the scenes, rent a rear apartment in little old New York. The only view the Change family had from their apartment was the sky, the courts and the rear of the apartments opening thereon, consequently kitchens, dining rooms and bedrooms were the landscape.

As the Change family occupied the seventh floor apartment, the eye took in various apartments. The apartment across the Riverside Drive court just opposite that of the Change family was occupied by a minister. The Change

family could look into the dining room. The family evidently consisted of four—father, mother, daughter and son. Everything and every movement was quiet and methodical. The Bible was their inspiration, prayer their comfort.



Behind the Scenes.

The dining table did not groan under the weight of viands. They retired early.

In the apartment beneath the minister were several decks of cards, a roulette table, tobacco smoke, corks, and

two men in shirt sleeves with a couple of women whose attire reminded one of the days of the fig leaf. They, also, like the ministerial family, retired early. Every night has two earlys. The men in the shirt sleeves and the fig-leaf ladies chose the second, but not until many a lobster and bottle of Burgundy had been laid low.

Standing near one of the windows of the parlor of the Change apartment at that hour of night "when church-yards yawn," if the standee would elevate his optic a trifle, the vision would come in contact with the neatest little bedroom and sweetest little occupant that the most exacting baldhead could desire. She was an actress fair. The shades were never drawn. She divested her raiment so seemingly unconscious and artistically that one of her successful parts must have been Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*. None of the males occupying the rear apartments went to bed until the shapely little creature returned and retired, and if perchance she loitered by the way, her waiting admirers were late at their offices on the morrow.

The apartment directly across the other court from the Change apartment was occupied by a family of five, a father, mother and three daughters. A guess would range the daughters in age from a miss of 5 to that of 21. Three bedrooms opened in to the court. Those three daughters covered this life from that of the little doll to that of the young lady who anxiously looks for the daily postman. An interesting sight it was to see in one of the bedrooms the youngest playing with her dolls, in another the school girl struggling with her books, and in the other bedroom the eldest scrupulously preparing for the coming beaux.

"Everybody loves a lover." A pretty little miss diagonally across the Riverside court from the Change apartment had two. One she certainly adored. The other, from "a

man up a tree," or more properly speaking, from the Change apartment, it was problematical. Unlike the actress, when the interesting time arrived, the shade was drawn. The courting was done in the dining room on a



The Opposite Court.

settee, one end of which was close to the window. The lovers were not aware of the fact that they were between an electric light and the shade, so every movement within cast a shadow on the shade, which was clearly visible from

without. The author will leave to the imagination of the reader what appeared on the shade during the seance. The problematical young man would bring her flowers and candy, would read to her while sitting on the further end of the settee and often the shades would remain up during the call. He was the handsomer of the two, and from his dress one would judge the wealthier, and he seemed to be the mother's choice, but he lacked the "push," and from all appearances was losing ground. No truer saying than "a faint heart never won a fair lady." The problematical gentleman's heart was faint, not so with the other lover. The Change family occupied the apartment long enough to see a wedding in that of the lovers. The groom they recognized as the ardent one whose moving picture they often saw on the screen.

The saddest occurrence during the tenancy of the Change family was the taking away to Kings Park, Long Island, of a teacher in one of the New York public schools. The occupants of a small apartment on the court opposite the one opening in to Riverside were two teachers, one striving to become an assistant principal. One of the teachers was the sole support of a mother and the other was educating a younger sister. Nearly every night, long after midnight the two could be seen with their books and writing material. They did their own household work. When they were not at school they were in the apartment constantly employed in manual or educational work. Little sleep did they obtain and under the pressure the mind of the one struggling to become an assistant principal gave way. Screams one night from the girls' apartment awakened everyone on the court. One of the teachers was trying to keep the other from throwing herself from the window. The occupants of an adjoining apartment helped

to restrain her until the arrival of an ambulance from a nearby hospital.

There must be something wrong with our educational system. Instructors as well as students are constantly



J. P. Morgan & Co., Mills Building.

breaking down in their educational work. Students in order to carry along their many studies are compelled to neglect their physical being, consequently if they are fortunate enough to last the four years and receive their

diplomas, they are utterly unfit to take up their chosen pursuit. If on the sea of matrimony they embark, the coast line will be strewn with mental and physical wrecks.

In Mr. Change's seventy years of life, covering considerable territory, it remained for an incident while in the furnished apartment to be the most horrible of his experience. A young man while attacked with delirium tremens cast himself from a window on the top floor of the apartment to the court below. The screams of women and the smashing of glass at 1 A. M. awoke all the tenants of the Riverside court. Mr. Change caught sight of an object whirling through the air on its downward course. The evening papers of the coming day gave the circumstances. The young man was a scion of a distinguished New York family who, with his gray-haired mother and sister, occupied one of the apartments across the court. Unfortunately for the young man he had been left an ample income from a trust fund by a wealthy father, who, during his life, was one of New York's leading bankers. The son was an example of the idle young men in this city living on an income, who spend their days in an automobile with questionable companions of both sexes, and their nights in the resorts of the Tenderloin. It seems the mother tried to stop her son in his wild plunge, but was knocked down, fracturing her skull and died the following day.

Sometimes it seems that a war would be a blessing to this country, as it has been in a measure to England. It is a satisfaction to see those strutting monocled dukes and lords in the trenches where they are of some good to their country. Conscription is another blessing. In France it is a delight to see alongside of his English cousin in the trenches, many a count—such as the court held

when in this city Count Johannes took action for recognition of a hazy title—"A count of no account."

Mrs. Change was a New England woman and one can imagine the uproar when a bug, that, upon examination, proved to be a bedbug, was seen slowly zigzagging its way along the baseboard of one of the bedrooms. Mrs. Change rushed to the telephone and called the superintendent, informing him what she had seen. One of the passengers on the first elevator going up was the superintendent. He at first tried to make Mrs. Change believe what she saw was a Croton water bug, but he soon discovered that he couldn't fool the offspring of a New England housewife. The superintendent told Mrs. Change that just prior to their moving in, a European friend of the former occupant had spent a few days in the apartment and he was somewhat suspicious of a trunk belonging to the man from abroad. The superintendent was a former purser for a steamship company and was aware that the baggage store rooms of Atlantic liners were infested with vermin.

The apartment house in which the Change family were domiciled pretended to be one of the classiest in the big town, and it would never do for the other tenants to learn that even one bedbug was in their midst. The superintendent implored Mrs. Change to say nothing, promising to call up the owner of the apartment at once and would have the "exterminator" right on the job. In the course of an hour the owner with the exterminator arrived.

The owner informed Mrs. Change that they would have to seek other quarters for a couple of days while the apartment was being fumigated. Mrs. Change replied it was impossible for her to get out that day and that she would have to call up Mr. Change and she couldn't locate her daughter. The owner was persistent that the fumi-



The Iowa Stock Ranch in the Early Days.

gating begin at once. Of course, Mrs. Change wanted it done, so she telephoned her husband the situation, told the superintendent to be on the lookout for her daughter and to tell her to meet her at the skating ring of the Biltmore at 7 P. M. Packing up a few of her own and daughter's belongings, Mrs. Change telephoned for their car and started out in to the cold world.

The process of fumigation consisted of sealing up all windows of the apartment and the entering door and igniting some medical compound, the fumes killing all vermin. On the evening of the second day the superintendent telephoned to Mr. Change that the job was done, the apartment aired and was again at their disposal. Mr. Change and family moved back, but there was always a suspicion that specks they saw and itches they felt were some of the progeny of other days.

The foundation of the apartment house in which the Change family lived, on account of the distance down to rock, was constructed under a new process and had settled unevenly, causing cracked walls and doors not on the level, not an unheard of condition with buildings on Manhattan Island. Shortly after the advent of the Change family, mechanics were setting aside a day to rectify these different defects in the various apartments, requiring the occupants thereof during the process to "take a walk around the block." For a month, from 8 A. M. to 4:30 P. M., resounding throughout the apartment house was the continual pound of the varied members of the Knights of Labor. Mr. Change was the owner of an apartment on Lexington Avenue. The lumber in some of the New York apartments is a tree Monday morning, boards by the middle of the week, and finished product by Saturday night, consequently when it comes in contact with steam

heat one is reminded of the contortionist on the stage. They tell a story along Lexington Avenue that the janitor of Mr. Change's apartment while repairing a lock was surrounded and held tight by a warping door. During the warping season it is dangerous to walk through the halls of the average New York apartment house.



Criminal Building, Tombs and Bridge of Sighs.

Being caught in a warping door reminded Mr. Change of his experience while running his stock farm on the Missouri River. Hundreds of acres of corn the ranch produced. The worst weed the corn raiser had to contend with was the morning glory. One has often heard the expression, "you could see it grow." That expression certainly applied to the morning glory. One of Mr. Change's neighbors

seemed willing to take his oath that by actual measurement a morning glory in one of his corn fields grew seven feet in twenty-four hours.

The episode that the warping door reminded Mr. Change of was in connection with the prolific morning glory. On a hot afternoon in July, as the sun went down on the landscape of Mr. Change's Western possessions, the boys heard a call for help from one of the corn fields. Following the voice they found one of the teams helping themselves to corn fodder and one of the hired hands bound so tightly by morning glories that he couldn't move. According to the helper's story he had fallen asleep and the fast-growing morning glory had closed in on him like the devil fish of the deep.

No city on the globe has a better sub-strata for foundation purposes than the Borough of Manhattan of the City of New York. It is principally a rock foundation. A steel drill is as necessary to a Manhattan builder as ammunition to an army. On account of the distance down to solid rock many of the buildings in New York are built on experimental foundations. The Mills Building, corner Broad and Wall Streets, one of the oldest office buildings in the city, is built on piles. Whether it would stand was so problematical that for some time after its construction pedestrians would stand and gaze at it, expecting to see it topple over. The Criminal Building, in Centre Street, has another experimental foundation and it certainly proved to be an experiment by the uneven settling of the structure. The employees of the building are threatened with curvature of the spine, as they sit and stand on an irregular angle. Everything is on the slant. Police officers as they bring prisoners from the Tombs over the "Bridge of Sighs" into the Criminal Building, have to



City Hall, Municipal Building.

substitute spiked shoes in order to hold their prisoners.

One of the largest buildings in the city—the Municipal Building—is built on sand. On account of the great depth to solid rock, a caisson cement scheme was adopted. “A sand foundation” is sometimes mentioned as a joke. Wise ones saw the Municipal Building gradually disappear into the bowels of Manhattan. Fortunate it is that it is not an “office building,” as it might be tenantless, but as every occupant is a city employee on a fat pay roll, they don’t seem to hesitate taking the daily risk.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE IS ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER

As the first month of the year wore away the wind from the South began to predominate, and as the "January thaw" set in the windows of the various apartments were again left open. Near the entrance to the Riverside court was a large vacant lot. It had the usual substratum of Manhattan-solid-rock. The ear-drums of the Change family had become acclimated to the various noises of the big town in general and the apartment house in particular, when the notes of a new sheet of music entitled, "The Rock Drillers Refrain," wafted through the atmosphere of the court. It seems the foundation for a new apartment was being excavated on the vacant lot. Unfortunately for the neighborhood, in order to complete this part of the job, "The Rock Drillers Refrain," through some political pull, ran a night and day shift, consequently the hissing steam and pounding of the drills was a continuous performance during the twenty-four hours. There is one thing peculiar about the human organization. It can adapt itself to any situation. A continuous noise over which we have no control ceases to annoy. While the Change family were partaking of a somewhat late breakfast they were lifted from their chairs by a terrific explosion and a piece of rock entering the dining room, carrying with it a section of window glass. They had hardly recovered from the

shock when another explosion rocked them in another direction. Mr. Change called up the superintendent for an explanation. "They are excavating the foundation of a new apartment house around on Riverside and they will be blowing out rocks for a couple of weeks yet." For the next fortnight the Change family were like one sitting on a magazine, expecting any moment someone would touch



A Reminder of the Dentist Chair.

it off. The two weeks passed and also the bursting dynamite and flying rocks.

No sooner had "The Rock Drillers Refrain" lost its charm than a new sheet of music percolated through the air. Of all the noises Mr. Change had heard since he moved into the apartment, the new one was welcomed.

While listening to it, Mr. Change would shut his eyes and imagine himself at his camp in the Maine woods listening to what is known in that country as the "stake driver," but in the Empire State as the woodpecker. The elevator boys soon learned to sing and whistle "The Steel Riveters Skeleton."

The noises in the courts and those in the immediate



"The Man in the Overalls."

neighborhood were not the only ones that disturbed the equilibrium of the Change household. Fog often hung along the Hudson opposite the Change apartment. The fog alphabet would not be so disturbing if spoken in one tone, but every note from the low basso to the high soprano was boring holes through the fog, and as is often with

men discussing polities, each one insisted on being heard at the same time; nor did the size of the boat regulate the sound. A little tug would roar out its blasts with such deep guttural that it seemed to say, clear the track or the bottom for yours.

A steamer on which Mr. Change was coming from Europe in his younger days was rammed in a fog off the Newfoundland Coast, and if he had not been a good swimmer he would not have been disturbed by fog-horns on the Hudson in the year 1916. The fog-horns did disturb Mr. Change, as it reminded him of that awful night off Halifax as he was awakened by the prow of a vessel entering his stateroom and bending his ribs as it pressed him against the partition. As Mr. Change gained the deck and seeing a steamer less than a quarter of a mile away and knowing his capabilities in the art of swimming, how safely he felt as to the outcome.

In the public schools of this great city, how unfortunate and what neglect it shows, that large swimming tanks supplied by the ever changing salt water pumped from the bowels of the earth are not installed. Maritime city as we are, seldom it is during the year that each and every one of us doesn't trust our lives to Neptune. Some study might be dropped for that of swimming. The knowledge of a dead language is of little avail when one is thrown in to the water. One who does not know how to swim seems not satisfied in drowning himself, but insists taking with him anyone within reach. Aside from the mere fact of learning to swim, there is no more healthful exercise, and from the standpoint of cleanliness from observation of the scholars of our great public schools, there could be improvement in that direction.

The Hudson River Railroad, or more strictly speak-

ing, "The New York Central Lines," supplied Mr. Change with another noise and also a nosegay. Of all the bunco games played on the City of New York, the continued occupation by that railroad of the New York City line from Spuyten Duyvil down to Thirtieth Street deserves the blue ribbon. The smoke of the locomotives and the grind of the cars as they cross the switches permeated to the Change apartment. People know they are being choked with coal dust, kept awake nights by escaping steam, and that many are being run over and killed, yet there seems to be no remedy. When the time comes for a showdown the occupancy of that waterfront will show all the phases of corruption ever heard of since the days that Romulus and Remus donned their bathing suits and splashed water on each other as the Tiber traveled to the sea.

The opposite court to the one that opened to Riverside Drive would be called an inside court, that is, there was no exit from it except through a small roofed passageway. It was the court on which the various kitchens were located, not only of the Change apartment house but, also an adjoining one. Through the passageway passed the garbage cans of the Change apartment house. The dumb-waiter was on the opposite side of the court from the passageway. The garbage would come down the dumb-waiter and be taken across the court to the passageway, a distance of about two hundred feet. A small car having an iron platform with iron wheels conveyed the garbage and ash cans across the concrete floor of the court, bringing the empty cans back. The assistant janitor was the crew of the garbage express. There were no banjo signals, slowdowns nor blocks set against it on the run from the vestibule of the dumb-waiter across the court to the passageway. Some of the bedrooms of the different

apartments opened on to this court. A box of veronais went with each rent receipt for bedrooms so situated. Another feature of this particular court was that nearly all the window sills were depositories of something in connection with the culinary department. The inventory would include jugs of mineral water, bottles of milk, pitchers with cloth tied over them, bowls with saucers thereon, fruit, both in jars and in the raw, canned goods and hanging from the windows were feather dusters and mops, and during certain hours in the morning the bedding of the night before.

To return to the garbage express. The schedule was so arranged that the tired business man was often awakened by the roar of the garbage express across the court. Complaints were made to the superintendent and a suggestion made if the time table of the garbage express couldn't be so arranged that the first train would start later in the day, be run on slower time, and if the platform couldn't be covered and the wheels of some softer material than iron, and if the cans, especially the empty ones, couldn't be handled more gingerly. The appeals of the tenants fell on deaf ears with the usual result. The crew of the garbage express met the fate that an outraged public deals out to those who fail to realize the fact that the rulers in this country are the people. One morning, bright and early, there is some doubt as regards the bright, but none whatever as regards the early, the garbage express started on its accustomed run over the concrete court at its usual speed. The express had made a couple of rounds when a terrific crash and a groan brought the tenants to the windows. A jug of mineral water that had been cooling itself on the window sill of the fourth floor had been hurled at the garbage express and had hit the crew amid-

ships. A bottle of milk followed next. The bottle of milk seemed to give everybody the cue. Two students of Columbia University, members of a family on the eighth floor,



The Garbage Express.

had been awaiting the opportunity to place some empty beer bottles where they would do the most good. As one of the students was the star pitcher of the University baseball club, with every bottle he cut the home plate of

the crew of the garbage express. The women of the various apartments also joined in the fray.

After the fusilade closed, the other employees ran in to the court to their comrades' assistance. What a sight met their eyes. The crew lay prostrate, surrounded with broken glass and crockery, mineral water, milk, ink, Hayes Hair Health, Syrup of Figs, Nux Vomica, glycerine, alcohol, "Lydia Pinkham," castor oil, Radway's Ready Relief, tin cans, shoe polish, all kinds of vegetables, in fact everything contained in a well regulated apartment, except the furnishings. An ambulance had been summoned and the "crew" passed out through the passageway to the hospital. The first train out the next morning of the garbage express was scheduled later in the day, the running time reduced, the car platform and roadbed had been covered with linoleum, rubber wheels instead of iron, and the new "crew" informed of the experience of his predecessor.

In the good old days of Peter Stuyvesant, the word worry was not in the lexicon of the municipality or the denizens of New Amsterdam, but today the city government has many worries, foremost being the money question. There is also another worry that affects the municipality and the inhabitant thereto, and that is what to do with its garbage. There is a wide difference between the two, as in the latter they don't know how to get rid of it, while in the former the trouble is to get hold of it. In the days of the open fireplace and the coal range, the garbage question was solved by cremation, but when the gas range put in an appearance, the city authorities in a measure, but more particularly the Knight of the Kitchen's greatest worry came with it. Not being able to burn a cast-off

match, a scrap of paper or a banana peel caused worlds of trouble all along the line.

The city financiers conduct their business along similar lines to those of a certain country merchant who, when his note came due at the bank, instead of paying it off would cancel it by giving a new note, adding in the interest due on the old one, and when the bank got tired of the proceedings he would take his overdraft over to some other bank. The city, in its endeavors to solve the financial question, attacks the wrong end. Instead of conserving the funds they do receive from taxation they are constantly on the hunt from what source they can raise more funds to distribute among the faithful.

To the Borough of Brooklyn we are indebted for the solution of the garbage question. No more worry on the part of the city fathers concerning disposal plants. No more sneaking out of the harbor and dumping the city refuse inside the limit line to the discomfort of the bather along Long Island's sandy shores. There is hardly a city in the world that hasn't low ground adjoining it, which can advantageously be filled. In the Borough of Queens its water front is indented by many marsh meadows, whose only production is salt hay, malaria and mosquitoes. One of the largest swamps—hundreds of acres—adjoins the town of Flushing. Under a contract with the city of Brooklyn, a dumping company, for a nominal expense to the city, agreed to take care of all the garbage of the Borough. The dumping company bought up this Flushing swamp lands and dumped there the offal of the city of churches, making valuable land of what once was a swamp, and on account of decaying vegetables contained in the dumpage this new made land produced the most prolific

vegetation. The lands redeemed will become a great manufacturing center.

The Jersey marshes offer the Borongh of Manhattan the same opportunity as the Queen's marshes did the Borough of Brooklyn and there will be marshes of New Jersey to fill in long after the undertaker is performing



On the Way to the Dump.

the last sad rites over the cook who is manipulating the gas range in the New York apartment house at this particular time.

The Change family had spent two weeks in the apartment when one night they were all awakened by an awful stench permeating the apartment. They were great believers in plenty of fresh air, so the windows, especially

of the bedrooms, were open at the top and bottom. They could not believe the odor came from the outside and they knew it was not illuminating gas. They had heard of sewer gas, and all thought that some pipe had become disconnected in the building. They called up the superintendent and he told them that what they smelt was from New Jersey. It seems that along the Jersey side of the



The Dump.

Hudson there are many factories which throw out obnoxious gases, and when the wind is off shore the contaminated air distributes itself along the New York side of the river. During the occupancy of the apartment the Change family experienced, with the rest of the population of the West side, a Jersey production worse than the proverbial mosquito.

A sorry day it was for the tenants of the Change

apartment house when the genial superintendent and the accommodating janitor handed in their resignations. Under their guidance everything moved along satisfactorily. The owner of the house couldn't believe that the tenants of an apartment could be contented and he, getting his pound of flesh, so he inaugurated a spy system and made it so unpleasant for the two employees that they resigned and he installed in their places a pair, that from their voices and actions, must have been former employees of the street car service of Manhattan. Mr. Change often remarked that the way the New York public is handled by the transportation employes of the big town, reminded him of the time when he was a shipper of live stock from the plains to the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. As Mr. Change said, "all the street car employes lacked was the prod of the stock man." For the enlightenment of some reader a stock man's "prod" is a steel pointed round stick about six feet long, its use being to shove into an animal to make him "step lively." As time wore on, complaints came rolling in to the agent of the building. Tenants began moving out. Freight elevators were being clogged with household goods, moving vans were blocking the street. Courts were construing the exact meaning of the fine print in leases. Dogs that had gotten loose from former tenants were loping back to the old home and barking at apartment doors. Tradespeople were anxiously inquiring whither their former customer's had flown. The landlord in despair was on a still hunt for his former superintendent and janitor. Mr. Change, who was somewhat of the Phineas Fogg sort of an individual, held the fort and was rejoiced one morning to learn that the old superintendent and janitor were again on the job, with the assurance from the owner that they were again pilot and chief

engineer of the Change apartment to remain as long as they lived.



Learning Each Other's Language.

The promenade of a black cat across the opposite court from Riverside was a window sill. The next window

sill to the promenade was two feet away. The cat thought it great sport to jump from one window sill to the other. In one of her jumps she landed against a bottle of Great Bear spring water, sending the bottle end over end to the court below and on top of a pet dog, ending the dog's career so far as this world is concerned. Mr. Change saw the performance, was subpoenaed and to his annoyance spent several days the following week visiting a West Side court for a case to be called wherein a cat, Bear water, a one-eared Pekingese dog, contributory negligence *res gestae* and canine valuation, were under consideration. It seems a lady who owned the dog preferred to air it in the court rather than the street, as on the street the dog had lost an ear in an argument with another of his species. Two Hebrew lawyers, an Irish judge, two determined women, three witnesses (two maids and Mr. Change), composed the cast.

Mr. Change while making his daily call at the court and being informed that the case would not be reached that day resolved that never again would he gaze out of the window of that rear apartment, but when the curtain was rung up and the play started, according to Mr. Change, it beat any comic opera running on Broadway, and he wouldn't have missed it for all the gold shipped to this country during the European war.

The nasal organs of the two Hebrews were so lengthy that no matter where they stood, when they faced each other, their noses interlocked. The Irish judge, who was born in the Emerald Isle, still retained some of the brogue he brought with him. The two demure maids were cast for the hardest part. Both were in tears before they left the stand. The cross questioning of the two maids by the two legal luminaries, and "you must answer yes or no,"

fired at them by the stern son of Erin, so provoked Mr. Change that before he left the stand he had drawn his check for fifty dollars for contempt of court.

On account of the fire in the belligerent's eyes the learned judge thought it discretionary to take the papers and hand down his decision when the clouds rolled by. The Irish judge wittily remarked that he would render his decision when it rained "cats and dogs."

CHAPTER VII

THE GIRL FROM RIVERSIDE DRIVE

PRIOR to Miss Change entering Vassar College, she spent one summer at the University of Maine, and while in the furnished apartment she, at the suggestion of a dramatist, wrote her experience while at the University. The skit herein produced was dramatized and had a run at one of the "try it on the dog" towns not a thousand miles from Broadway.

As the curtain is rung up, the scene opens disclosing the valley of the Hudson above the Highlands.

Attending one of the preparatory schools that line those historic shores was a young lady from Riverside Drive, New York City. When the time came for the closing of the school for the year, the director informed her that if she could be tutored in Latin during the summer she would be able to get a diploma a year hence.

On Maine's largest lake her father owned a camp—there the family spent the summer days in the woods and on the water. From the camp a few hours journey away, was the U. of M., or, less abbreviated, the University of Maine. Like the preparatory school on the Hudson, it too, overlooked a beautiful river, which also has its source in the wooded wilderness of the North. As one looked over the valley of the Penobscot from the campus of the U. of M. instead of those palatial steamers, the "Hendrik Hudson"

and "Charles W. Morse," one saw long rafts of logs winding their way "down river."

The third day after the annual arrival of the family—father, mother, son and daughter—at the camp, the Latin



The Preparatory School on the Hudson.

question came up for consideration. The son, who was a student at Columbia, suggested that his sister attend the summer school of the U. of M. A few days thereafter, while the father and son were reeling in "strikes" from

one of the best fishing lakes in Maine, the mother and daughter were at the public square in Bangor, taking the Old Town electric car for Orono. While preparing for the trip the ladies saw nothing out of place for them to wear the same attire appropriate while strolling over the beautiful driveway that winds along the west bank of the Island of Manhattan.

A ride of an hour through a hilly country brought the ladies to the U. of M., the car line passing alongside the campus. Upon pressing a button a comely maid appeared and asked the New York delegation to be seated. The preceptress was informed that two fashionably dressed ladies were in the reception room desirous of seeing her. The make up of the mother and daughter so surprised the preceptress that it was evident the dear lady had not wandered far from her Orono fireside.

“What can I do for you, ladies?”

The mother replied that they called in reference to attending the summer school. Addressing her reply to the mother, the preceptress asked:

“What subjects do you wish to take?” The daughter burst into laughter as the mother replied:

“It is not I who wish to attend the school, but my daughter.”

What a transformation can be made by the dress-maker and the drug store. The father fell out of a canoe when informed that his sixty-year-old partner had been taken for a school girl.

“But madam, is not your daughter too young to remain here alone?”

“I think not. She is nineteen.”

The University of Maine is a co-educational institution. The summer school was composed mostly of school

teachers, both male and female—principally the latter. The young men of the University began to make sheepish eyes at the girl from Riverside. Her gowns and striking beauty became the talk of the students of the University, and the young bloods of Orono flocked to the University grounds to admire—and sigh. The country school “marms”



The “U. of M.”

began to be jealous of their city cousin. They saw the young men all attention to her while they were slighted. As time wore on young men as far down the line as Bangor made daily pilgrimages to Orono. The country maidens were benefitted from the overflow and began to make inquiries from their city cousin how they, too, could make themselves more attractive.

On account of this influx of the male gender, studies

were neglected. "Lights out" lingered into the moonlight, an occasional Romeo was seen prowling about the grounds, and such demoralization had set in that the faculty saw a halt would have to be called.

They summoned before them the girl from Riverside Drive. She was informed of the fact that she was in Orono and not on Broadway—that she would have to lay aside the dress and embellishment appropriate along the Hudson for those on the Penobscot, or the U. of M. would know her no more. Latin to her and a diploma from the seminary in the Highlands were more important than the admiration of the country jakes of the Pine Tree State. Unbeknown to her fellow students, down to Bangor she went for the transformation. Rats, mice, switches and barettes were put in cold storage. Soap and water washed away rouge and powder. Those lovely arms and shoulders passed from the sight of man. Her corset was loosened. French high-heeled shoes gave way to commonsense. The fetching gowns that were the admiration of the opposite sex, and the envy of her own, were sadly laid aside. Again, she boarded in Bangor's public square, the Old Town car—how different than when she had stepped into the same car three weeks before. No admiring glances were cast at her by the stronger sex. No longer were the noses of the weaker sex turned up in scorn. Across the campus to her room—unrecognized—she flew. The butterfly had been missed during the day and no one knew where she had flown. The supper bell rang. To all outside the faculty, there was a stranger in her chair. Soon the transformation was recognized. The magnet that had drawn the presence and admiration of the male students had lost its charm—appointments were neglected—invitations were cancelled and, gradually, the U. of M. assumed similar

conditions to those before the advent of the girl from Riverside. The girls resolved that the pleasant experiences of the past fortnight must be revived. A committee waited on the girl from Riverside and implored her to lead the way. They promised her if she would, and the faculty



The Old Town Car, Bangor.

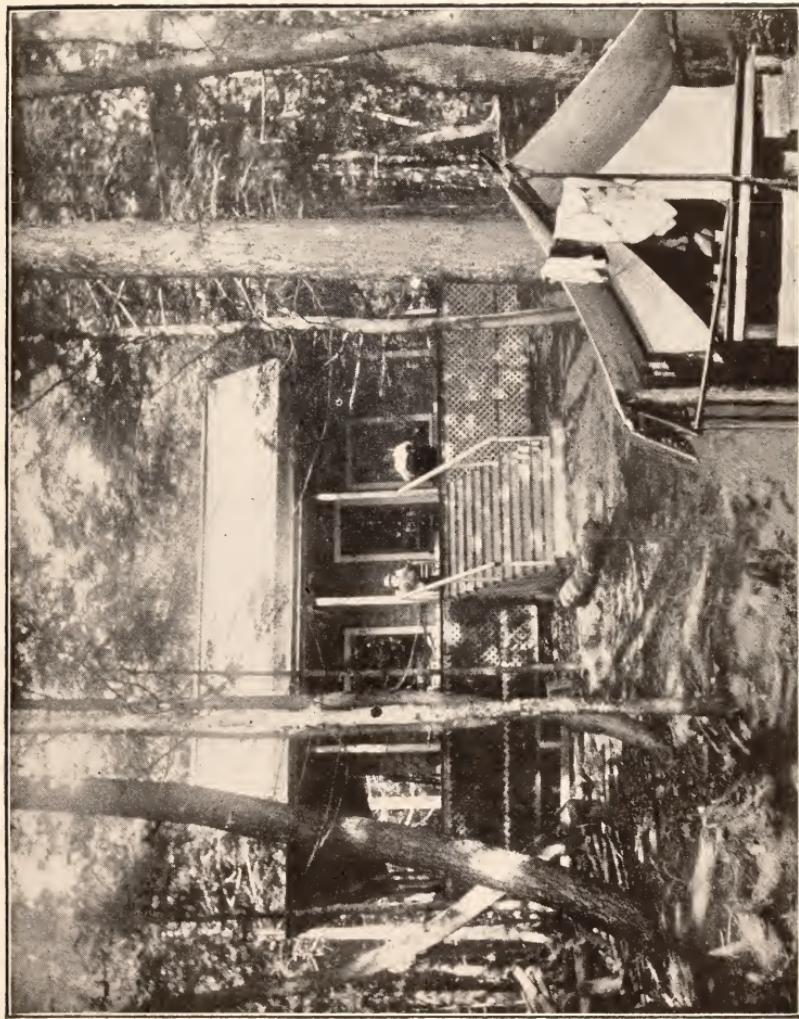
threatened to expel her, they would all go, something they knew the U. of M. in its financial condition could not stand.

The following Saturday, bright and early, the female contingent of the U. of M. boarded a special car over the Maine Central for Bangor. The beauty parlors of the city at the head of navigation of the Penobscot, were crowded

to the doors. Dressmakers were put on a night and day turn—extended skirts were giving way to the hobble and slit. The shoe dealers were telephoning to Boston for the latest French importations. The dry goods merchants were sending rush orders for lace and lingerie galore. Well-developed waists that had never felt the pressure of the arm of a love-sick swain, were being measured for stays of steel. Tapering arms and beautifully moulded shoulders that had never seen the sun were, in the near future, to be exposed, powdered—and no doubt admired. Pantaleted, innocent New England school “marms,” who would rather dabble their skirts than raise them an inch, were being taught the art of so elevating their crinolines as to show bewitching hosiery. Hair that had been parted in the middle and plastered close to the scalp, was being doubled and twisted in all directions. Even the language of the old New England hills was passing with the rest.

Saturday evening the pilgrims returned. Sunday passed as formerly. Monday morning a procession of express wagons, parcel post carriers, messenger boys, store clerks, dress fitters, manicures, modistes, dancing masters and employees generally were trailing over the campus heading for the various domiciles of the students of the U. of M. Students were standing in line to get a chance at the long distance telephone and the outfitters in Bangor. Telegrams were being sent broadcast over the State to the parents of the students for increased allowances. From Kittery Point to Passamaquoddy Bay, cows, hay and potatoes were being sacrificed to meet the sudden demand for more “root of all evil.” Telegrams began pouring in to the faculty from parents requesting an explanation.

The assembly bell rang summoning everybody to the front. The President of the College demanded an explana-



Mr. Change's Maine Camp.

tion for these extraordinary proceedings—by unanimous request of the students, the girl from Riverside took the floor. During the four weeks she had been at the University, she had virtually made up her Latin and cared little what took place, and, smarting under her treatment by the faculty, she was delighted that an opportunity was offered for revenge. Addressing the President she said:

“Statistics show that according to the population there are more unmarried women in New England than any other portion of the country. There is not a woman on earth, who if she had to choose between education and matrimony would take the former. One great help to matrimony of either sex is making one's self attractive. When I first came here, because I made myself attractive, I was sought after by the male contingent. By your orders, I made myself unattractive and the male gender, somewhat to my relief, ceased their attentions. My fellow students saw the result of one making herself attractive and decided that the ways of their parents and the demands of the faculty of this University were a detriment to their accomplishing the aim of womanhood, so they have decided that the Puritanical customs of New England must give way to those of the great White Way of New York. Friday evening, in this assembly hall, you will witness the transformation. The paraphernalia I formerly wore will be donned again, and that of my fellow students will be a counterpart. Invitations to our dance have been sent to the youths of Portland, Kineo and Bar Harbor. The turkey trot, grizzly bear and bunny hug will be in evidence—in fact, we intend to put the University of Maine on the map.”

As the girl from Riverside sat down the President requested her attendance at his office in the morning and

dismissed the students. That night, with the assistance of her roommate, the New York girl's trunk was packed and a taxi ordered to catch the 4 A. M., Western bound, St. John's express. After breakfast at the Union Station



Old Orchard Beach.

at Bangor, she boarded the early morning train over the Bangor and Aroostook for Moosehead Lake and her father's camp.

Consternation reigned among the students at the University after they learned that their queen bee had flown.

Should all that lovely toggery never be worn? Should telegrams be sent to the boys at Portland, Old Orchard, Kineo and Bar Harbor calling off the Assembly Ball? Unanimously the students voted, never!

In the closing hours of the summer school a great bonfire raged on the campus. Fearing if they returned home with the outfits they had brought with them, their parents would compel them to be worn again, and solicitous that they themselves might not stand the criticism of their townspeople, the students decided to cremate all former belongings. Calico, the price of which had been measured by the amount of farm produce to be disposed of, wraps that were more appropriate on a horse than a human, were piled high on the funeral bier. Stockings that dear old gray-haired grandmothers had religiously knit from wool raised on the farm, were trailed over the campus to their doom. Unadorned underwear, home made shoes and freakish headgear went up in smoke and, last but not least, billets-doux from now discarded, uncouth admirers of their native hamlets were added to the rest, and as the summer school closed the faculty of the U. of M. decided to bow to the inevitable, and resolved to name the new hall after the girl from Riverside Drive.

CHAPTER VIII

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

MR. CHANGE was sitting in an easy chair in the parlor reading the morning paper and smoking his favorite brand when he saw a little slip of paper shoved through that same little crack beneath the door. The slip read as follows:

“TO THE PATRONS OF THE RESTAURANT.”

“On account of a strike of our employees, we are unable to furnish any more meals at present. We hope within the next twenty-four hours to make the necessary arrangement to continue the service, of which you will be duly notified. Regretting the inconvenience this will cause our patrons and claiming that it is caused on account of a ridiculous demand on the part of our employees, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

RINGGOLD & CO.”

A little thing like that did not disturb Mr. Change. Mrs. Change was somewhat upset, but the daughter nearly went into hysterics. She had invited some friends to a card party that very evening and was to have given them a dinner in the restaurant. She didn’t know what to do, but her mother came to the rescue. She summoned the chauffeur and away they went to a fashionable hotel, made

the necessary arrangements and engaged taxis to take their guests to the banquet.

Within forty-eight hours the restaurant was running again, the Change family in the meantime having taken their morning coffee and rolls in the kitchen. Mr. Change being served at the stationary tubs. The former employees



The Harbor of New York.

of the restaurant assembled just outside the apartment house and attempted to interview everybody who entered. They stopped all strangers, thinking they might be strike-breakers. They spoke to the patrons whom they formerly served and tried to explain the justice of their contention. They made themselves such an infernal nuisance that the

Change family and the other occupants of the house made their entrance and exit from the rear of the apartment and through the court that opened on to Riverside Drive. The strikers soon found that the restaurant was running again, the new employees entering and leaving the building through the basement of an apartment opening into the Riverside court. This so angered the striking waiters that one night about twelve o'clock, closing time, everybody in the Riverside Drive court was awakened by an awful racket in the court. The striking waiters had "laid" for the "seabs" and as they were about evenly numbered, the battle lasted until the police entered the court and carted the ringleaders to the police station. During the progress of the fight and to get it over as soon as possible, the tenants opened up on the combatants with a fusilade of divers and sundry articles and after the battle was over the court was a counterpart to the other court at the time of the attack on the garbage express.

Mr. Change always looked forward to the week-end from a hygienic standpoint. While on his Long Island estate a daily bath was part of his toilet. There the water supply came from the bowels of the earth—it seems that there could be a more cleanly word than bowels—whereas in the city it came from the heavens. We are taught that above is a much more desirable abode than down below, but the water supply of Nassau County, coming via the bowels of the earth, is preferable to that coming over the surface. Mr. Change soon learned that it was unnecessary to go to Mount Clemens, Michigan, to get a mud bath, all he had to do was to rent a furnished apartment in New York. As the hour of 9 A. M. approached, the time Mr. Change usually took a bath, he noticed a little slip of paper under the door which read as follows:

“You are hereby notified that on account of a new water main connection to be made at West End Avenue and 110th Street, the water will be shut off this day from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Of this take due notice and govern yourself accordingly.

“NEW YORK WATER DEPARTMENT,
“per Kilgor.”

Mr. Change was too late for his bath, nor did he take one until the next day. When the water pipes are emptied, touch not, nor taste not for the twenty-four hours following unless you are immune from typhoid fever. The water of New York City has caused many a fall from the water wagon.

Speaking of West End Avenue, there is no more beautiful street in the big town. The avenue is wide and undulating, both sides are lined by beautiful residences and imposing apartment houses and apartment hotels. A smooth pavement it has, and for some reason, greatly to the pleasure of those who reside thereon, it is shunned by traffic. Along that avenue is where the rising generation of the wealthy get their first impression of this life. Expensive baby carriages with their precious freight, rolled along by white capped maids, line the wide, smooth sidewalks of that high, clean and sunlit thoroughfare. In what different surroundings are the offspring of the lowly but a few avenue blocks away. What different impressions on their innocent minds than of the well-to-do. Brought up in squalor in some foul tenement, fronting on a filthy street, poorly nourished and clothed, neglected during the day, demoralizing scenes constantly before them, how can any one expect from many of them other than a criminal life. Yet from that same locality come some of our smart-

est men and women. Public school teachers, who have made the rounds, tell us that the easiest to learn, the quickest of conception, are among the denizens of the great unwashed of the tenements of the "East Side."

The Change family had been but a month in the paved city ere they found it was necessary to invest in that



West End Avenue.

remedy which Noah was careful to see that the Ark contained a supply of, before he shoved off, "corn salve." Noah was a wise old coon; he knew he would need it on Mount Ararat. The stone pavement, with no respite therefrom, so affected all hands, or more properly speaking, all feet, of the Change family, that the little round box that is on the list of all law-abiding chiropodists became not only a household word, but a necessity. Unfortunately for the

Change family, about the time that little hard substance was in its glory, the not unheard-of occurrence in connection with all well-regulated elevator apartments took place. The elevator stopped running. As Mr. Change, with a cane in one hand and a box of "one-night" in the other, hobbled from the door of the apartment to the elevator and rang the bell, a voice came up the elevator shaft announcing the excruciating fact that "the elevator is not running." Mr. Change resolved then and there that if he ever rented another apartment it would be on the ground floor. Cane, corns and Change slowly wound their way down the seven flights of stairs. One of the elevator boys assisted Mr. Change to the waiting car.

The most unpleasant incident during the occupancy of the apartment by the Change family was the sickness and death, from tuberculosis, of a young lady in an apartment across one of the courts. Some nights she slept on a cot near an open window and at other times in a tent on the roof. That hacking cough, resounding through the courts, came with the breaking day, and at intervals continued throughout her waking hours. A leading physician of the city, and a loving and attentive family were near her at all times, yet slowly and gradually she passed away.

How unfortunate it is that through choice or compelling circumstances those who are threatened with consumption remain in this city where life is a cause, not a cure, for that dreaded disease, when relief is within the length of their cable tow.

In Mr. Change's class in the Columbia College Law School was a young man from Geneva, N. Y. Two of his brothers died from consumption. The family physician suggested, and his relatives implored him, to seek some other clime before he, too, was stricken. Following the

suggestion he went to Denver, Colorado, staging it from Omaha. In the high altitude of the Rockies, the germ never developed. Today, at the age of 70, on behalf of clients he is trying to influence juries in the courts of Denver to bring in verdicts contrary to the facts.

The baseball club in Brooklyn with whom Mr. Change in his boyhood days played short stop, had among its members a young man seemingly stricken with the white plague. Drawing his small stipend from a Williamsburg bank, he engaged passage on a boat for Portland, Maine, and then to the terminaal of one of the branches of the Maine Central Railroad and by stage twenty miles to a sporting camp in the dense woods of the Pine Tree State. There he met and became intimately acquainted with the owner of one of the extensive logging industries of the State and became the lumberman's right hand man, living on beans, molasses and ozone. Today he is part owner of one of the largest wood pulp plants in the State. Although he is vice-president of the company he spends his time in the yards throwing logs around as if they were tooth-picks.

The graduating class of the preparatory school on the Hudson, which Miss Change attended, always gave a fair, the proceeds therefrom being devoted to sending some young woman afflicted with tuberculosis to a certain sanitarium in the Adirondacks. The young lady sent by the graduating class, of which Miss Change was a member, recovered her health in that high, healthy resort, and today is an assistant in the sanitarium. Every night on her bended knees she thanks the All-Seeing One and the Preparatory School for her escape from the most dreaded disease, with the possible exception of cancer, that afflicts the human race.

The pale faces of little children appearing at the windows of many of the apartments aroused Mr. Change's sympathetic nature. He could only compare it with the Princes in the Tower in the days of Richard the Third. How contrary to all laws of nature are the lives of the little ones in those tall iron and concrete structures.



The Sanitarium in the Adirondacks.

Brought up on a bottle, so as not to interfere with the social engagements of its mother, turned over to ignorant nurses, nowhere to go except along the stony pavement of the great city, unless it be some park where the grass grows to be admired, dressed in fine, uncomfortable toggery prohibiting freedom of action, and after an outing of an hour or two brought back to the dungeon. Can a child lay the

foundation of a healthy and vigorous constitution under such conditions, or isn't it more likely that such a life leads to disease and early death?

There is an old saying in the country, "the poorer the family, the more dogs." The more aristocratic the New



Taking an Airing.

York City apartment, the more canine pets you find therein. To those who own an apartment house dog, "it is the sweetest little darling on earth," but to the lessee who rented an apartment, not a dog kennel, it is different. The apartment house dog has a cinch. He takes precedent

over the children. When his time arrives for an airing, no ignorant nurse drags him around by the neck, but some member of the family willingly holds the leash. In the apartment just beneath that of Mr. Change was a Pomeranian dog. He slept with his "missy," and every morning about daybreak "the sweet little darling who wouldn't harm anybody," struck the "tuning up" time. If it had been a big St. Bernard, with the occasional basso bark, he would not have been a disturber, but not so with a continuous high soprano. "How cruel it was for that naughty man on the floor above to complain about my little darling." A fight between two bull dogs in an apartment elevator was one of Mr. Change's experiences. One morning, as the elevator stopped at the seventh floor to take on Mr. Change on its way down, it had as occupants, besides the operator, an elderly lady, a bull dog on one end of a leash and a woman on the other. At the sixth floor entered another bull dog leashed and chaperoned, also by a woman. No sooner did the second dog enter the elevator than the two dogs sprang at each other, and as the fight progressed they wound their leashes around the legs of the elderly lady, she losing her balance and falling to the floor. Mr. Change helped her to her feet while the owners grabbed their dogs and unwound the leashes. During the melee the East Indian elevator boy continued to operate the lift as if a dog fight was of daily occurrence.

CHAPTER IX

"BACK TO THE SOIL"

A VERY necessary and important adjunct to an apartment house is the dumb-waiter. It is a delightful revelation in New York to discover a waiter where tipping is an unknown quantity. This particular waiter is not only dumb but also deaf. If it was otherwise, it would not long endure. The occupant of an apartment house for amusement need not seek vaudeville; all that is necessary is to open the door of the dumb-waiter and hearken. All the dialects of the Tower of Babel will greet you. You will hear the French maid on the top floor finding fault with the ice-man for ze smallness of ze cake of ice. The Israelite on the next floor will threaten to throw up his lease if he cannot be served first, last and all the time. The maid from the Emerald Isle on the next floor will be informing the butcher that his tough piece of meat spoilt the stew, and if he will come up there, she will knock his block off, begorrah. You will hear the bachelor in cultured English acquainting the janitor of the fact that the wine merchant assured him that the bottle of Burgundy was also in the case when delivered at the apartment. The colored maid on the third floor will be informing the laundryman that she will lose her position if the missing wearing apparel is much longer delayed. The German on the second floor will bewail the loss of his sauerkraut, and the man on

the ground floor will be accused of purloining the missing bottle of milk, yet through it all the poor waiter with a rope around its neck is patiently performing its duty without any hope of reward.

It is doubtful if there is a building on Manhattan Island that some burglar has not visited while plying his



Riverside Drive, Grant's Tomb.

vocation, and many of them have had as many burglars as tenants. The police tell us there are at least ten thousand ex-convicts in the city all the time. How secure we feel when going home at night, and how delightful it is to surmise that possibly your fellow strap-hanger has daily marched to the tune of the "lock-step."

When Mr. Change was a stock rancher on the plains,

it naturally required money to buy stock, so he always carried a good sized "roll" and as rolls were usually sought after, a gun was a necessary side partner thereto, and as a gun is of little consequence unless you know how to use



The Cook Can Wave to the Cop.

it, Mr. Change through practice became a marksman of no mean order. Having acquired the habit of having a gun nearby, especially at night, Mr. Change kept one handy while sojourning in the furnished apartment.

From the head of the bed occupied by Mr. Change, one could see the bedroom windows of several of the apartments across the way on the Riverside court. Often business affairs disturb one's slumber. One bright moonlit night about 2 A. M., as Mr. Change lay awake trying to solve a business problem of the coming day, he noticed a rope hanging down from the roof of the apartment house across the court. While lying there and wondering what the rope was for, he saw a man with a pack on his back crawling out of the window of one of the apartments. The man took hold of the rope and swung himself and pack from the window sill and slowly, hand under hand, slid down the rope. Mr. Change knew it was a burglar and how to stop him was the question. Mr. Change could have winged him had he chosen, but taking human life was not the business he was pursuing. The fellow had slid down to about three stories from the ground when Mr. Change concluded to try his markmanship on the rope. The second shot severed it and the burglar and his pack lay in a heap on the concrete floor of the court. Mr. Change was as innocent as any of the tenants and this narrative is the first disclosure of who was the cause of the broken leg and dislocated shoulder of a certain burglar who was carted off to the hospital from Riverside Drive at One Hundredth Street on a bright December morn.

He was not the only burglar on the beach. The custom of the apartment was not to let any one go up unless they gave the "countersign," or, in other words, answered a few questions propounded to him or her by one of the attendants. The apartment house in New York is like the shad nets in the Hudson, some fish are bound to slip through.

One rather disagreeable afternoon Mrs. and Miss

Change decided they would stay by their own fireside. A ring at the door and there stood a tall heavily-built man with iron gray hair. Throwing back the lapel of his coat and displaying a shield, he informed Mrs. Change that he was the gas inspector and was there to examine the gas jets to see if there were any leaks. He was admitted. He had such a pleasant face and was so far along in life that the ladies were not aware that one of the worst criminals in New York was in their apartment. Mrs. Change informed him that they never used the gas only in the gas stove. When he informed the ladies that he had found a small leak in Mrs. Change's bedroom, she agreed with the inspector, remarking that she thought she had detected a slight odor of gas, something you can generally find in any New York apartment. The "inspector" lit all the gas jets, getting Mrs. Change, while he repaired the supposed leak in her room, to watch the meter dial and see if it moved, and stationed the daughter in the bath room to see if she could detect any flicker, and as Mr. Change remarked on his return, "I suppose if I had been here, he would had me gazing at some other gas fixture far removed from the scene of action."

In a few moments the "inspector" came out of the bedroom and informed the ladies that he had left some of his tools down at the vestibule but would be right back, and they better continue to watch the dial and the gas jet. Mrs. Change's watch and chain, a diamond brooch and two diamond rings, which were in one of the bureau drawers, left at the same time as the "gas inspector." The only regret Mr. Change expressed was that he hadn't turned his artillery on the other burglar instead of the rope.

Among other literature poked under the little crack

below the door was the announcement that the Woman's Political Union was taking a straw vote of the block to ascertain the views of the male inhabitants thereof with regard to the question of "Votes for Women." The cir-



Preferable as Voters to the Scum of Europe.

cular requested the voter to write his views on the enclosed slip of paper and return the same in the enclosed envelope. As the envelope was stamped and addressed, the receiver could hardly neglect to comply. Mr. Change was

handed the request and as it was a matter he considered of serious import he wrote his views, as follows:

"I believe that an educational and property qualification, especially the former, should determine the question of the elective franchise. It is unnecessary that the voter should speak a dozen languages or own a city block, yet the person should be able to read and write the English language and be a taxpayer. Any one complying with those qualifications and being a citizen of the United States and of proper age should have the privilege of exercising the elective franchise, irrespective of sex, color or disposition.

"MR. CHANGE."

Mr. Change while in Denver in the long ago had a narrow escape from losing his life in a hotel fire, having had to jump from the fourth floor into a fireman's net, and ever after when he was located above the second floor he looked the situation over to see how to get out in case of fire. Mr. Change was a drummer boy in the Army of the Potomac and he never forgot what they used to tell about General McClellan. They said that "Little Mac" never went into a battle until he first figured out how he could retreat in case he got whipped, and Mr. Change always applied that story when he found himself looking out of a window far removed from the ground. Some days after the arrival of Mr. Change at the apartment, he made inquiries a la General McClellan. There were no outside fire-escapes on the apartment house. They always require them on flat houses. For an explanation of this a wag in the police department said that the flat houses were occupied by the working people and the apartments by the idle rich, and the authorities considered it more important for the future of the republic to save the former than the latter.

Mr. Change's first inquiry was met with the reply, "This apartment is fire-proof, it cannot get afire. We don't require outside fire-escapes." Mr. Change had heard of the unsinkable ship going to the bottom and the unloaded gun killing people, consequently he classed the fire-proof building in the same category. They showed him how easy it was to get down stairs or out on to the roof and so descend to adjoining buildings. They claimed the elevator was fireproof with the rest, and that there were fireproof stairs from one story to the other, that the coil of hose and nozzle was fireproof, that the superintendent was fireproof, and as they said about the worldly goods of Mrs. Murphy, "and the pigs are Irish too." Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Change never went to bed while in the apartment without thinking of the wise precaution of the hero of Antietam.

The lease on the Change apartment expired on March first. As March first came on Sunday, the family intended to move back to their Long Island home on the preceding Saturday. A week before the expiration of the lease, Mrs. Change received a call from their former servants who said they were dissatisfied with their present positions and if she wanted them to return to her employment they would be pleased to do so, to which Mrs. Change gladly consented. The Friday night before the Saturday that the Change family intended to return to the Long Island home was occupied until midnight packing trunks and grips, and they all retired feeling happy that on the morrow they were to bid good-bye to what Mr. Change commenced to call "the death house." About 2 A. M. the whole family were brought to their feet by the continuous ringing of the telephone, pounding on the door and an uproar in the inside court, and the smell of smoke in the

apartment. Rushing to the telephone, Mr. Change was informed that the apartment house was on fire and on account of the heat, the elevator was not running. Mr. Change opened the door, but on account of the smoke closed it, seeing there was no escape in that direction. The Change family realized that it was impossible to reach or make an exit by the stairs or by the apartments front-



They Risk Their Lives for Ours.

ing on the street. The only way they could be saved was from the windows opening into the Riverside Drive court. Mr. Change had commenced making a rope, so to speak, by tieing sheets together, as the fire companies rushed into Riverside Drive. The firemen carried extension ladders into the court and as the fire had not reached that side of the building, the Change family, partially dressed, were

carried down the ladders by the firemen, and through the kindness of the tenants of the opposite apartments were furnished with shelter and clothing. All the belongings of the Change family were lost. The Chauffeur took them to the Pennsylvania Terminal and as Mr. Change passed under the East River for his Long Island home he prayed that the roof of the tunnel would cave in and drown him if ever again he was doomed to rent a furnished apartment.

THE END

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This book is written in the same entertaining manner as the volume you have just read, and tells of the fifteen years the author spent on the plains as a stockman, before and after the days of railroads. The author was a shipper of live stock to Chicago before, during, and after the formation of the Beef Trust, and relates how he, with other stockmen, was driven out of business by that gigantic combination. The book is printed on specially made wood-cut paper, from large type, and contains one hundred and twenty-five pages, fully illustrated with forty half-tone pictures from photographs, and bound in attractive cloth binding. Price one dollar.

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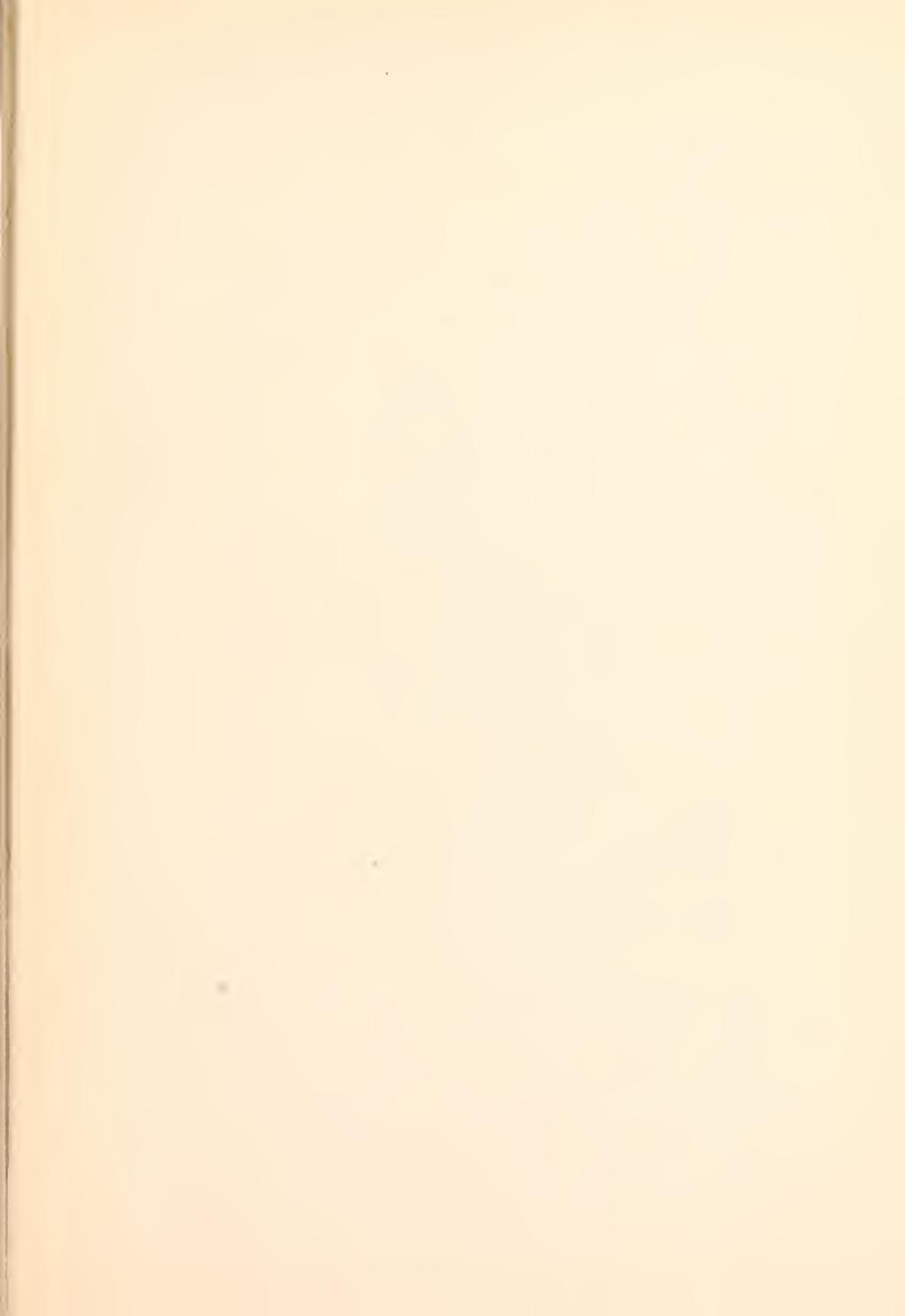
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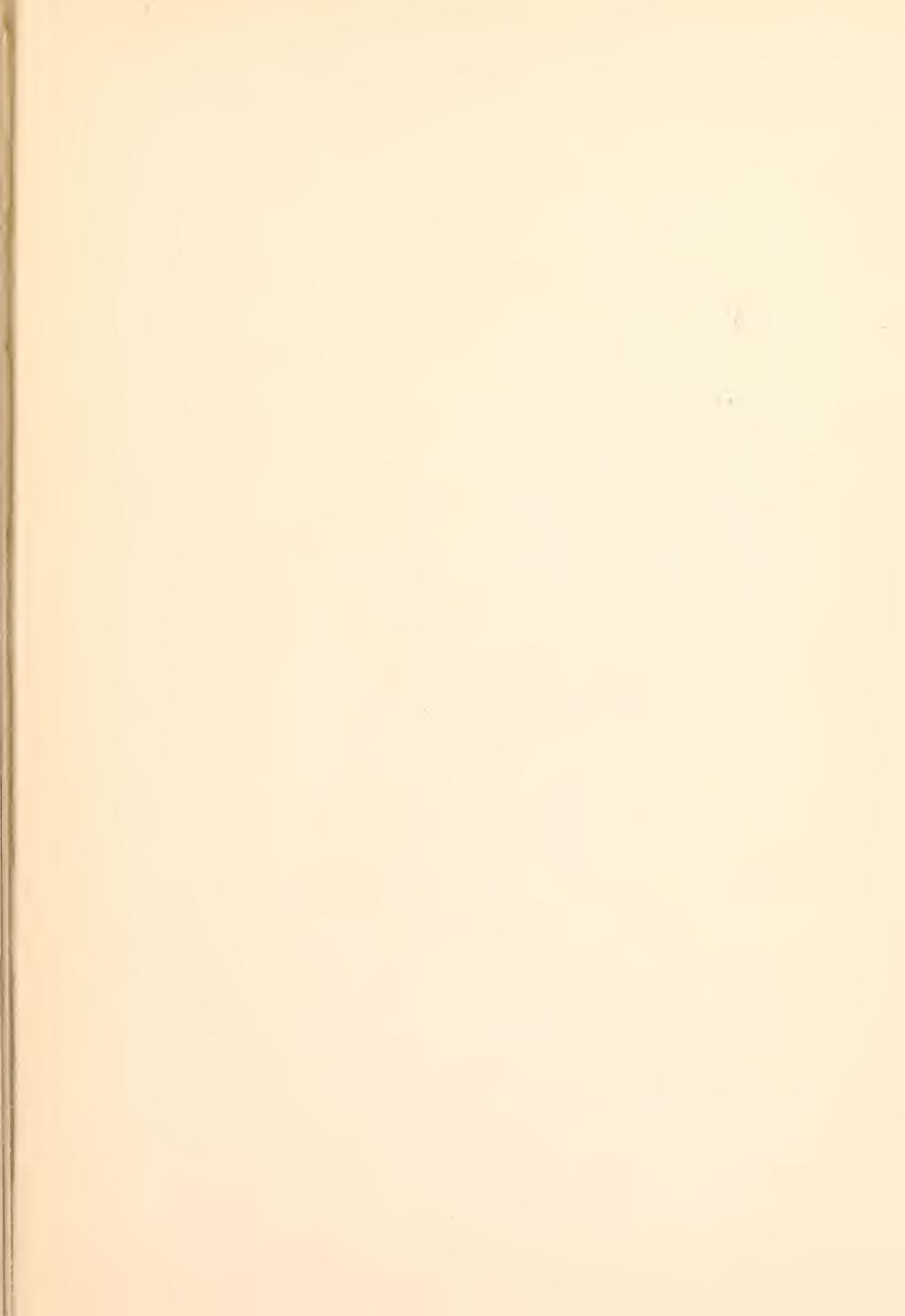
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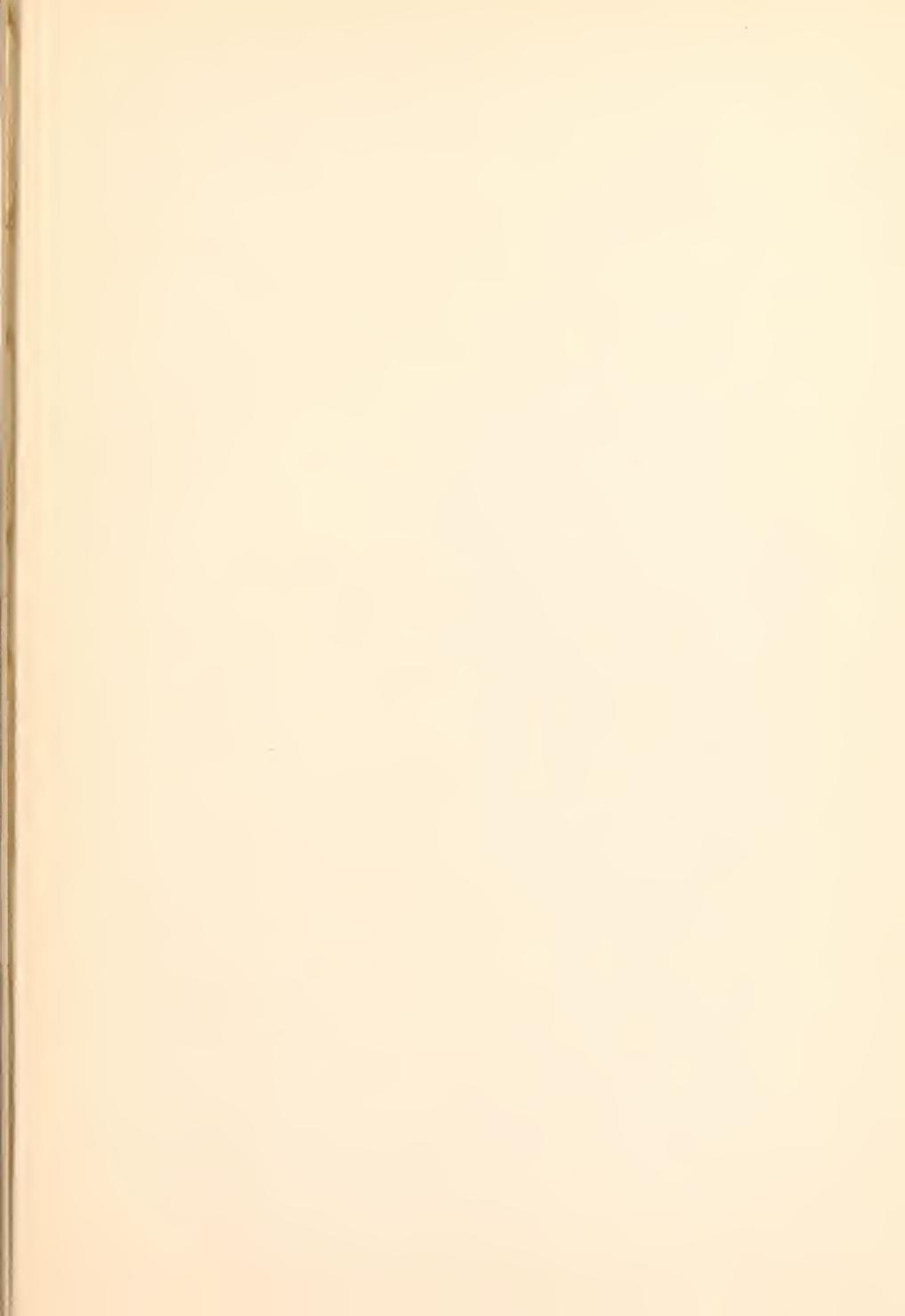
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